THROUGH BRAZILIAN JUNGLELANDS WITH THE BOOK

THE DAWN OF A NEW DAY

By F. C. GLASS

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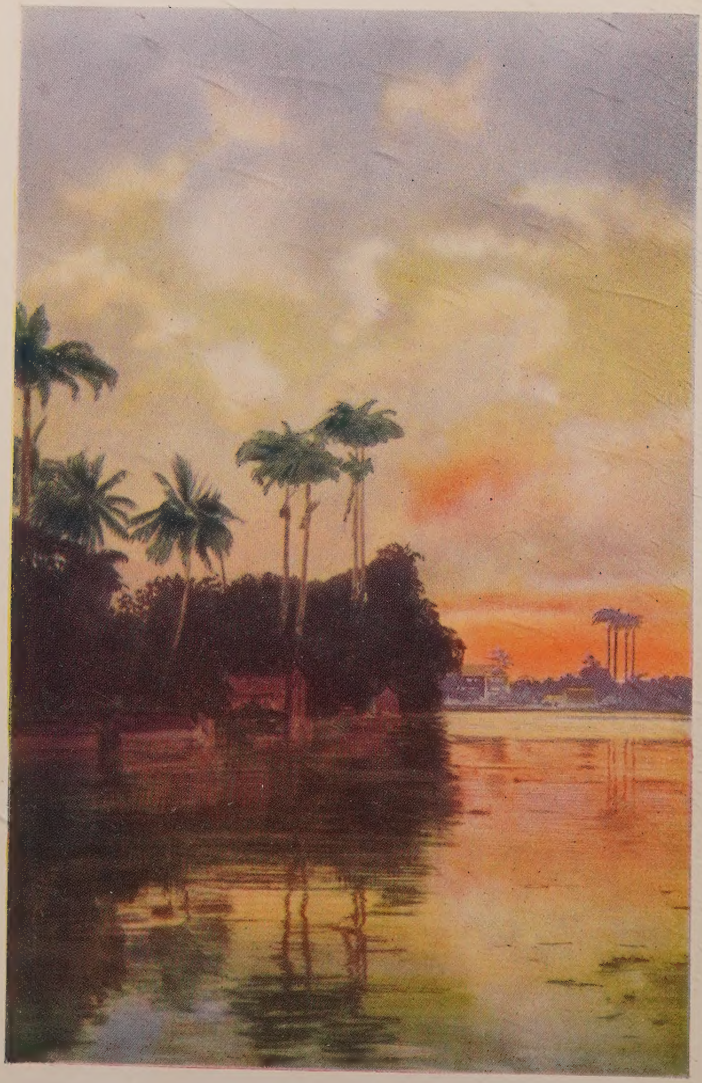

SUNSET ON THE AMAZON

Through Brazilian Junglelands with the Book

OR, REVOLUTIONARIES ABROAD

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BY

FREDERICK C. GLASS

Author of "Adventures with the Bible in Brazil"

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR

ADVENTURES WITH THE BIBLE IN BRAZIL

A volume graphically describing the pioneering journeys taken to carry the Bible into the unreached and unknown parts of the interior of Brazil. While in perils oft and trials many, courageous faith in God overcomes all, and the "old, old story" that ever charms the heart conquers again to the salvation of not a few

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Foreword

It falls to the lot of few missionaries to have such an inspiring story as that which my friend Mr. F. C. Glass tells in this volume. All who read it (and I am persuaded they will not be few) will, at once, recognise that he is a man Divinely chosen and set apart for those pioneer enterprises to which his life is being devoted in South America. It is indeed the consciousness that he is a man sent of God, and that He who sent him is with him, that has supported him in labours that have been amazingly abundant. This record of some of them is as modestly recounted as the work itself has been courageously carried out. The seal of God manifestly rests upon both the labours of His servant and this heartening account of them.

It is a privilege to commend what is told here to all whose interest is in the extension of Christ's kingdom. I do so with the confidence that their faith will be strengthened, their hope quickened, and their devotion deepened by what they read. It is my earnest expectation also that many will be moved to have fellowship, prayerful and practical, with its author. No man whom it is my privilege to know deserves better of his fellow-believers for his selfless labours in the cause to which we are all committed. He is indeed a messenger of the Churches and the glory of Christ.

J. STUART HOLDEN.

St. Paul's,
Portman Square, W.

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Through Brazilian Junglelands with the Book

or, Revolutionaries Abroad

Chapter I

Introduction

THE very friendly reception accorded to my last book, "Adventures with the Bible in Brazil," encourages me to publish further experiences of my travels for the Master in lesser known parts of this great Republic, and to Him alone be all the glory.

It is remarkable how little is known abroad as to the actual conditions that exist in the far interior of a country nearly as large as the continent of Europe.

Of late years the southern states of Brazil have progressed very rapidly in every way, and could almost hold their own with many

countries of the Old World in matters of general prosperity, progress, and wealth. In the greater northern regions of the Republic things are vastly different. Much of this territory yet remains to be discovered, forming the greatest unexplored region in the world to-day, as it is one of the most difficult and dangerous to penetrate, on account of the many Indian tribes therein, who resent the pale-face intruder. As these forgotten tribes occupy so great an area of the country, it is necessary that some mention of them should be made, and several chapters will be found devoted to this fascinating subject.

Great as the progress of the Gospel has been, Brazil yet remains largely unevangelized, especially in the north, where, apart from the heroic band of Britishers working in dark Amazonia among the redskins, the number of missionaries directly engaged in preaching the Gospel does not exceed a score of men, with the co-operation of some thirty native preachers; this in a region over half the size of the United States of America. Nevertheless, much has been

accomplished, as the reports of the Bible Societies can show, and never was the Bible so well received as in Brazil at this time.

Once again will be evidenced the fact of the power of God's Word in humble, contrite hearts. As the days go by, this power is more and more in evidence, and as yet the Modernist Philistine has not dared to raise his uncircumcised head amongst us. To the writer it is an amazing thing to note the amount of time and effort the great missionary conventions and conferences devote to industrial and medical missions, to hospitals, universities, literature, philosophy, and other means, all good enough in their way, towards the saving of men, and yet so very weak and fallible as compared with the Sword of the Spirit—the Word of God! If a tithe of the time spent in the consideration of the other matters referred to was directed to this means of God's own provision—this infallible weapon of offence and defence, which never can fail wherever the good ground of sincerity and humility is found; if closer consideration were devoted as to ways and means of making fuller

use of the Bible, of intensifying our circulation of the same, our better training of colporteurs, and fuller co-operation with and support of the Bible Societies—then I feel assured that the results would be greater and richer all the world over; and, built upon the Word of God, would be safer and more enduring, and far more to His praise and glory in the great day at hand.

All true missionaries should be revolutionaries; in every age and clime. We seek, in the Name and with the aid of our great Captain, to overthrow the reigning prince of this world, and to set his captives free. We are rebels in the eyes of Apollyon, as well as in the estimation of his subjects of Vanity Fair. Years before my conversion on a Brazilian gold mine, I find that this same spirit of revolt was in action, as the following will manifest.

Only a few weeks before sailing to Brazil for the first time, though such a possibility was as yet undreamt of, I found myself in camp for the Easter manoeuvres, as a private of the 2nd Essex Volunteers. We were at

Brentwood, and training with the regular forces of the army.

On Good Friday morning there came a break in the programme, and we all formed up for church parade, marching to the barracks chapel with the regulars. After the usual beautiful and impressive service of the Church of England, the chaplain climbed up into the pulpit to preach—what a sermon! Though an unconverted man, I had an instinctive knowledge of the Truth, believed in the Bible, and strove for the faith that was in me. While working as an apprentice in a big locomotive works, I had endured much scorn and contempt because of my belief in God's Word, unenlightened as I was, and as now I listened to the pompous, proud preacher, I knew he was untrue, and felt a hot indignation that these fine men were getting so unfair, unlovely, and untrue a representation of the message of Good Friday, and that they should be compelled to listen to such stuff by Act of Parliament! Such men as this chaplain are as much a shame to the Gospel of Jesus Christ as any Roman Catholic priest could be.

The service over and the "dismiss" pronounced, it was natural for the men to discuss the parson, and to my added disgust I found that this representative of Christianity was cordially detested by the rank and file, especially as some had been put in prison at his instigation for sleeping under his dreary discourses. It seemed to me so terrible that these soldiers were being trained to look upon Christianity as the worthless thing it seemed to be in that pulpit. I tried to be fair, however. "Perhaps he has no idea of how he is hated and despised," I thought, "and thinks he is doing his best, nobody having the courage to open his eyes." There and then I sat down in the barracks reading room and wrote him a letter. I don't remember what I said, except that I gave him my own impressions of the service, spoke of the pity of it, mentioned the unbelief of the soldiers, and expressed a desire to have a talk with him at his convenience—all written in a studiously respectful manner. The letter finished, there came the moment of signing my name—and I hesitated. I remembered the bread and water, and the

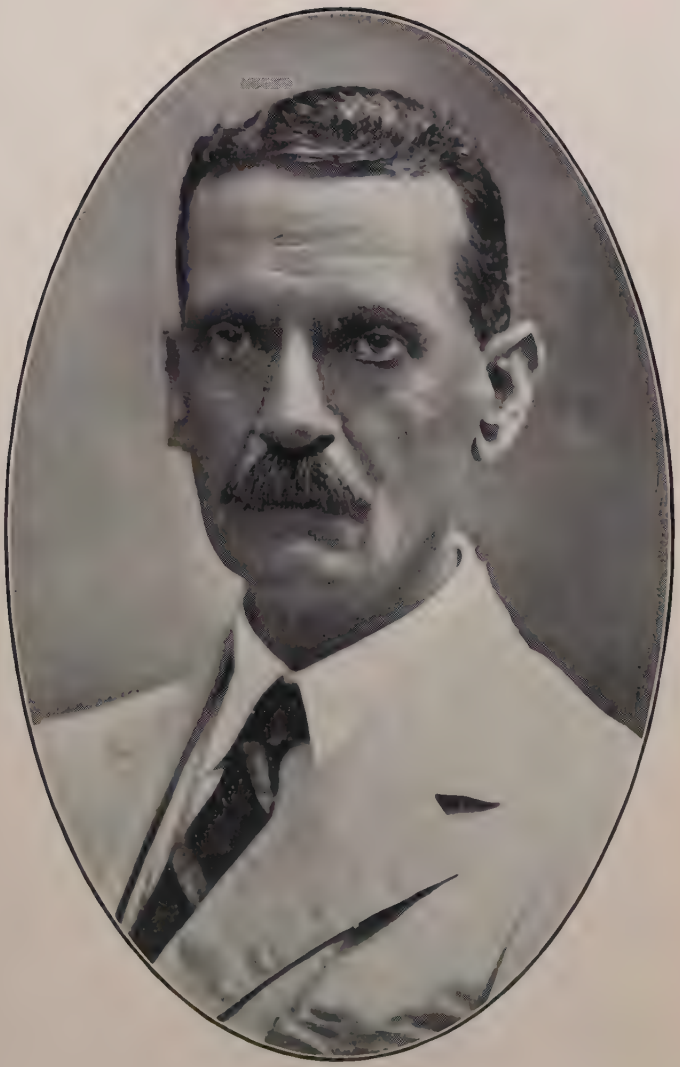
"solitary." Then I thought of the chaplain's red face, and the hard tones, and finally signed a "nom de guerre." At the same time I indicated how he could let me know if he wanted to have a talk with me. Very cautiously I passed the letter through several hands to the sergeant of the guard, knowing that in due course the chaplain would receive it without being able to trace it back to me. A bit cowardly, I admit, but then I was young, and lacked the power of a regenerated life.

The rest of that day, and all Saturday, we marched and counter-marched over those Essex hills, and many were the hypothetically "killed and wounded;" yet, in the heat and fury of the fight, I could not forget that letter. At last Easter Sunday dawned on the camp, and there had been no reply, though I had cautiously inquired in safe quarters.

Once again the bugle called to church parade, and again we filed into the large barracks chapel, occupying one half of the building with our volunteer battalion, and the regulars the rest of the space. The

chapel had been seasonably decorated for the occasion with flowers and shrubs, and looked very attractive; while the whole military staff and commanding Colonel were present in full uniform, as well as the officers' wives—an imposing scene. The service passed off well, and the vestured choir sang an appropriate Easter anthem. Then came the sermon.

As the chaplain began to mount the pulpit steps a feeling of presentiment came over me, and I felt as though I had become raised in my seat, or as if it were in far too prominent a position. At last the preacher came in view at the pulpit top, and I thought his face looked harder and certainly redder than ever. He paused, and his eyes roamed over the congregation. Was he looking for me? Had my letter not been in vain? Then he quietly gave out his chosen text. Again came a long pause, and a searching glance, what time he grew redder and redder, and in my imagination he seemed to swell. He opened his mouth several times, grew visibly more excited, and then—exploded! In all the years of his professional duties he had



Yours affectionately
Frederick P. Glass.

To face page 8

A RED-HOT REVOLUTIONARY!

Mr. Rod. Gillanders, of New Zealand, who shared with us so many of the Adventures with the Bible

never been so insulted, and he only wished he knew who was the wretched man who dared to write that letter. So he spoke, and the church was electrified; while the Colonel sat up, and looked as if he only wished he knew, too. The chaplain went on to describe the type of man the writer of the letter must have been—not a very flattering portrait—and he spoke of the contents as cant, humbug, and hypocrisy. All the while my seat seemed to be getting higher and higher, and I felt as if all the eyes of the church must be upon me, and were, like the monks in the Jackdaw of Rheims, crying out, "That's him!"

But no; no such thing; the culprit was not to be found, and after a further outburst in which he added that he had burnt the letter without reading it, the chaplain ended the sermon, and to my great relief we were marched out of the church and dismissed. A bombshell in the middle of the camp could not have created more consternation among the rank and file of Her Majesty's forces. The matter was discussed from every angle, though the chaplain did not seem to

have improved his reputation. Another day of sham fighting followed, and then we disbanded and returned to our different occupations, but I resolved to continue the revolutionary correspondence as a private citizen. But God had other plans for me, and within a few weeks I had signed a three years' contract with a foreign railway company, and had sailed away to Brazil.

CHAPTER II

Early Days

"VERY few men are more than 16 years old when it comes to the pinch. So, if you can remember the style of a boy's work. and more particularly of his play, you can make a close guess later on as to what he will do, and why, and how."

Reading this, my mind goes roving into the past, and I realize that some of my revolutionary characteristics, and any faith or trust I may possess, had their beginnings well before the period mentioned by Rudyard Kipling.

At the age of twelve, when giants and dragons still seemed realities, I considered that every little town or village around Walthamstow demanded discovery and exploration, and was as full of promises of high enterprise and adventure as my youthful mind could dream of, or my ambition desire.

Hearing my father speak of a little town

named Park, separated from us by what appeared to be very enchanting country, where lived an aunt of mine, I marked this as the objective of my next exploration. Very early one morning I stealthily aroused my six-year-old brother George, and with many whispered promises of great gain and honour, backed up by the display of a brand new threepenny bit, I drew him out of doors before anybody was about, and set out to visit our relative, determined to be back for breakfast.

Nobody saw us depart, and the streets were deserted at that early hour; but as I had carefully inquired beforehand as to the direction to be taken, very soon we were well out of town, having for additional company our father's pet Pomeranian pup.

The route seemed a rather devious and difficult one, as we had to pass through several other townships, but adventures soon came our way.

Before it was fully day we reached an old-fashioned wayside inn, with a large beer garden attached. There was an air of mystery and wickedness about the place

that seemed very fascinating. There were odd-looking plaster statues of Bacchus and Venus, a dancing platform, some queer-shaped summer-houses, and other attractions; and as the side gate had been left open, I drew my wee brother into this strange new world. I regret to say that in order to enhance the effect, I persuaded him that he was a very privileged person, and that this treat had cost me—I don't remember how much I said, but he opened his blue eyes wider than ever.

Then came a desert stretch with no houses, but with two wonderful huge lakes, I called them, though in reality only reservoirs, and by the time we reached the next village we were hungry lads, and the two halfpenny buns did not go very far. We were getting tired, but very soon after, on reaching the banks of a small river, we were simply fascinated by the sight of the oddly-coloured barges, and the dark, deep lock, and at once forgot our hunger and weariness. Having heard that a grandfather of ours had once been some important authority on the river directorate, I was emboldened to board a

very rakish-looking barge, and addressing a big, burly bargee, I said, "Please, sir, Mr. Glass was our grandfather; can we have a ride?" The man stared at us in a very surprised but good-natured fashion, and I don't suppose he had ever heard of this grandfather, but anyway we were soon "all aboard" on the good ship, dog and all, on a tremendous adventure, travelling upstream to the next lock. My late descent of the big rapids of the Tocantins was not half so thrilling, and even to-day I never see one of those sturdy old barges, with their lovely smell of tar, without a delightful and inexplicable thrill. As we walked back along the towpath, again (once more I blush for shame) I duly informed my little brother that he was a most fortunate boy, and that this naval trip had been a great expense to me, and I fear there were several other similar "expenses" during that day.

We now felt in high feather, and passing through Tottenham town we soon reached Park. Only then I began to realize that we were faced with an unforeseen difficulty —I had not my aunt's address! Nobody

seemed to know the lady; until I thought to visit the railway station, though there the station-master shook his head gravely—he had never heard the name.

By this time we were both desperately hungry, and beginning to feel that things were not quite "according to plan," when a sympathetic porter thought he remembered the lady, and soon we were hopefully knocking at the door of our much sought for relative. Our aunt opened the door herself, and at once gave way to expressions of astonishment and alarm on hearing our story. However, she soon prepared us a good breakfast, and our spirits revived accordingly; but without allowing us to rest, we were at once packed off home again, with the strictest injunctions to make haste about it.

It was now well past midday, and we began to remember we had a home, but I reassured George as to just what my father would say, by telling him that after so brave an adventure nothing could be said. In this very righteous mood we were rapidly covering the ground, and were just clear

of Tottenham, when my brother exclaimed in great alarm, "Where is the dog?" In vain we searched around, calling and whistling. The dog was lost! The spirit of heroics rapidly evaporated as we thought of reaching home without the family pet. Sadly and very heavily we turned back to the last town, looking everywhere—but no Nell was to be seen. We had given up hope; it seemed a terrible catastrophe, when, finding ourselves in a secluded lane, we thought we might pray about it. Down we knelt together by the side of that hedgerow, and very earnest was our prayer. Suddenly, ere yet we had finished our supplications, a loud bark brought us to our feet, and, oh! most wonderful and joyful thing, the beautiful little dog came bounding towards us! This answer to prayer made a deep and never-to-be-forgotten impression on my young mind, and well I remember how, but a few years later, when hopelessly striving against the entanglement of a hated sin, the thought of the past came back, and I fell on my face before God and sought His deliverance, and deliverance came—once and for all.

Our travels were now nearing their end, though the barges had proved too strong a temptation against our aunt's commands, and it was drawing very close to "the end of a glorious day," as we began to enter Walthamstow again. Then came a bolt from the blue! A dreadful giant bore down upon us in the shape of a burly policeman, who had been watching us for some minutes. Tremblingly we replied to his questions; it seemed so terrible to be spoken to by a real, live policeman. Greater still was our alarm when he informed us that all the police of the district were on the look-out for two missing boys, adding, "And your mother is in a fine pickle about you. You had better walk on ahead quickly, and I'll follow just behind."

What an awful procession that was! What fearful criminals we seemed; how terribly tired we suddenly felt; and poor Georgie began to whimper. On reaching home we found everything in a tumult. We were supposed to be drowned, and my distracted mother was still out searching for us wherever streams or ponds were to be found. Very

humbly I crawled up to the top attic to await my father's return from the city, prepared for the worst. Downstairs, my little brother soon gave a very detailed account of our travels, and dwelt upon the amount of money I was supposed to have spent by the way, all of which greatly surprised the family. The financial side of our adventures troubled my father, however, and I found it far too difficult to explain, and so, of course, the inevitable happened, leaving me a sadder, though, I hope, a wiser boy, and here we will draw the curtain.

* * * *

Not many years later, in eighteen-eighty something, another event took place of a very different character, though with a happier ending.

I had left school at an early age, and was commencing what was to have been a great career in the "Daily Chronicle" office in Fleet Street, London, though I fear I did not yet realize the importance of life. For some weeks, instead of having a good dinner of beef and potatoes in a certain lane off Fleet Street, I had contented myself with

a jam puff, a scone, and a glass of milk, spending the balance in fireworks for the coming 5th of November. With some sense of self-importance, I meant to have a special display that year, and such as might well impress the neighbours. When the great day dawned many shillings had been spent in the way just indicated, and yet when lunch time came round, I used all my dinner money in buying a few small odds and ends for my younger brothers.

When I returned to the office it was still early, and it was a cold and foggy day, so down into the vaults I went. Beneath the great office I found a group of juniors warming themselves at the charcoal fires kept burning day and night, to keep dry the proof files of the great paper, which were set aside daily, since the first publication a hundred years ago and more. On such a day these fires were very attractive, but, alas! on this fatal occasion some imp or other must tempt me to poke a squib or two in the embers, and to test the efficacy of the crackers. A harmless performance it was, but a vast amount of smoke was involved.

The clock struck one, and quite unconscious of impending tragedy, we all made our way upstairs to our respective desks, and were soon engrossed in our duties.

A little later, a chance remark of one of the clerks caused me to glance towards the door of the vaults, and to my horror I saw a thin curl of gunpowder smoke issuing from beneath, and soon a pungent smell of fireworks began to fill the office. After that sight I dare not raise my eyes from the ledger, though I soon became aware of considerable comment and some kind of investigation going forward around my head. The very next thing I remember was feeling a tap on the shoulder from the chief of the department, and hearing the awful words: "The general manager wants to see you in Salisbury Square." The private office of that great man was a kind of "holy of holies" to us youngsters, and he himself a very awesome being, never seen, and far more potent than Queen Victoria herself.

The dread interview was stern and brief, and though I otherwise had a good character, I was now requested to hand in my resig-

nation forthwith; and thus, rather ignominiously, ended my journalistic career. That same night, away upstairs in bed, I lay listening with very mixed feelings to the loud shouts of glee from the children in the garden below as they let off all my fireworks, bought at such a cost. I felt I was surely the most miserable boy on earth . . . but there came another day.

* * * *

Twenty years now passed, when again I found myself walking down Fleet Street, and very much had happened in that interval. Best of all, I had found Christ as my Saviour while working on the deepest gold-mine in the world, in Central Brazil, and I was now a missionary, home for my first furlough. There had been trouble in the house that morning, as our baby had turned on the bath taps, with damaging results, and the landlord had informed me that there would be £2 to pay. Funds just then were rather low, but we had made it a matter of prayer. The reader will be wondering what all this could have to do with the fire-work incident; well, we shall see.

As I walked along the old street, full of memories of days long past, the "Chronicle" office came in view, and, of course, I had to look in and see if any of the old generation yet remained. They did, and we had a great time talking and laughing together over those bygone times, nor was the Guy Fawkes incident forgotten. Then somebody suggested that I should visit the chief. It never is easy work to gain admission to such a man, but when finally I persuaded the beadle to let me enter, the awesome inmate looked up at me in rather a worried manner, and said, "What can I do for you, sir?"

The last time I entered here was twenty years ago, sir," I replied, adding, "and then it was to get the sack."

"Oh," said the big man; "take a seat."

We had a most interesting and friendly talk together, in which it transpired that he was a Christian. Of course, I had much to say about Brazil, and especially about the newly-awakening interest in her numerous tribes of Redskins. As I rose to leave, the chief was most cordial, and said, "Do

write us up something about those Indians, and we will put it in the paper."

The article was written and duly published, and a few days later, to our great surprise, I received a three-pound cheque from the editor, which fully met the landlord's claims —and covered the cost of those long lost fireworks, too!

CHAPTER III

Revolutionaries

WE certainly had a rather revolutionary look about us, more especially my two companions. It was Gillander's first journey on horseback in Brazil, and he had a very ragged, sun-burnt frontispiece. Antão, our wise and faithful trooper, colporteur, cook, and a host of things besides, nevertheless had a very Sancho Panza appearance, with his round, but very black, unshaven face and a rather freshly-split nose—a result of his last wood-chopping; while I created some suspicion on account of my peculiar-looking straw hat, and still more so because of my carrying some compromising maps of the very region most involved in the plans of the revolutionaries, now troubling this part of the country. Everybody exclaimed, "Here come the revoltosos!" It was most embarrassing. At a sudden turn in a forest I met one man who, on seeing me, at once

THE REVOLUTIONARIES SET OUT

GILLANDERS ANTAO THE AUTHOR

PREPARING TO BOMB THE COUNTRYSIDE WITH GOSPEL TRACTS

Gillanders (with goggles) in aeroplane

unslung his gun, and deliberately dropped his ramrod down the barrel—to let me know it was loaded.

At one place we were virtually prisoners for some time, and barely escaped being shut in behind the bars. The authorities were astonished when I insisted that we were not at all afraid of the times; that our books were just what the country needed, especially the revolutionaries, and that if they would help us to circulate them it would soon stop the revolution.

They shook their heads gravely, and the crowd which stood gazing on us, evidently considered we should be walked off and shot at once, for I was said to be a colonel of the opposing force.

At last we were reluctantly released, and hastened to depart; but barely had we swum our animals across the local river, and paddled ourselves and our baggage across the same, when we were again pursued and arrested. We were still suspected persons, and were ordered to be searched.

They examined all our baggage most carefully for bombs—but only found Bibles.

This so impressed one of the police authorities that he at once purchased our very best Bible, and furthermore, invited us to put up at his farm on the way. After presenting a New Testament to the city judge, and distributing Gospels among the soldier guards

we were again released, and pushing on to the aforesaid farm, we held a most impressive Gospel meeting among the farm hands, some twenty folk or more, who listened to all we sang and said with deep and earnest attention. It was all so new and strange—yes, we were revolutionaries all right!

Night after night we put up at some rough farm-house or other, and though a little suspicious at first, we were always well received by the farmers, especially after we had given them a taste of our hymn book, and so prepared the way for the little Gospel meeting which always followed. One soon forgot the pain and weariness of the day's ride.

Our good colporteurs had twice visited these regions some years before, and now I could see the result of their work.

In one very remote farm-house I found an old man, well over eighty, who was manifestly converted through the reading of one of these Bibles. His sons were all old grey-beards, and his grandsons had big families—quite a community, and all professing to follow the religion of their old father, a man of splendid physique, with a happy Gospel shine on his face, but now very deaf, and an invalid in his last days. But, alas, only the old man could read, and he had never heard the Gospel properly explained, and did not know how to make things clear to his children, or how to

lead them to the Lord. After a long and interesting meeting among all these men and women, I sought to deal personally with one of the younger married men, and eventually we went out together into the dense neighbouring forest, and there in mutual prayer we settled the matter. When he arose to his feet, he exclaimed, "I'm so satisfied."

I hope and believe that he will now be able to show his other relatives, old and young, this simple but royal road to Christ and eternal life. This made the fourth conversion on our journey.

On reaching Piranhos, on the banks of the great São Francisco river, we were again arrested, and the police said they had had information about us. We seemed hemmed in on every side; with no escape from the revolutionaries on the one hand, or from the still more to be dreaded Government forces on the other.

Just when we were in real perplexity, Gillanders rooted out some old documents he found among his baggage, and laid them before the suspicious magistrates. They

were of rather an imposing character, with many strange stamps and seals, albeit of little real value, and all in English. The authorities could not understand a word of them, and probably were ashamed to confess their ignorance, but they were evidently dazzled by those seals, one, I think, was a Bible Institute Diploma; so without further ado they decided to let us depart. We did not do so without first selling a few Scriptures in the place.

Our departure was no easy matter either; nevertheless, it was imperative to get a move on, as there was neither pasturage nor corn for the troop, and we might get rearrested again at any moment. At this crisis I persuaded the owner of a huge old dug-out canoe, at a big price, to embark our animals, though we had a tremendous, tail-twisting job to get them all aboard. Just when we were ready to push off, a policeman appeared at the river side. I was "wanted" once more. This time it was the State fiscal, who hinted at taxes and fines for selling books without a licence, and my heart sank, for funds were low. Happily, I succeeded

in convincing the man that our work was not a mere business concern, but that we were conferring a great boon and blessing on the country in circulating such books, at such a trifling cost that all could purchase; and thus I escaped once more. A few minutes later we were facing the difficult navigation of the great river São Francisco, at the mercy of its swift, swirling, muddy waters, in our precarious and very primitive embarcation.

The journey took us the best part of the day, and was not without its exciting moments, especially when the mules started a little revolution of their own and threatened to kick the canoe to smithereens.

It was a great relief to us when, late that night, we sighted the little town of Pão de Assucar (Sugar Loaf), though some of the inhabitants seemed to be surprised at this aquatic invasion.

We had a profitable time at Sugar Loaf, though not as sweet as might have been expected. There still remained the ruins of a Protestant mission, now in deep spiritual decay.

The old leader, although he had done a good work in the past, was now a spiritual and physical wreck, on the verge of dissolution. He seemed possessed with an evil spirit, as a result maybe of dabbling in spiritualism, or accepting their Satanic waters in his illness. After waiting on God, we were led to rebuke the evil spirit. From that moment until we left a day or two later, there was a marked change in the poor old man; a change for good, and there were no more blasphemies, or paroxysms of temper as before. To God be all the glory! We canvassed this place thoroughly with the Scriptures, but it was uphill work on account of the circumstances referred to, and also because the whole countryside was in a state of panic, and all trade was paralysed. Here we met a countryman, who gave us news of a community of folk who were also of this "Nova Seita" (New Sect). They lived about thirty miles away, and, as he offered to guide us there by some little-known by-paths, quite unfamiliar to the warring parties, we accepted his offer, set out, and reached the place that same

night, we, riding our mules, and our guide running ahead through the tangled by-paths.

Here we found three or four families with one Bible between them, for only one of the number could read. They had never heard a Gospel sermon, or a Gospel hymn or prayer, or even seen a Gospel preacher. I held a little convention of two days there, among some sixty people. Naturally, it was largely of a doctrinal and instructional character. They showed great sincerity and simplicity. Our principal gathering was under a large spreading tree, and some of the listeners were smoking, but as soon as I pointed out the evil of that vice they at once dropped their cigarettes. Many were really converted people and happy in their faith, in spite of persecuting neighbours. We arranged for six of these people to be taught to read the Book that had wrought such wonders in their midst.

In nearly every place we found the people willing and hungry for the Word of Life. I was glad to have a good supply of little Gospels of St. John so cheap that anybody could buy, or which we could afford to give

away wherever the humble cent was not available. The country folk are so kind and hospitable that it was good to be able to repay their goodness with some such precious Word of Life as a single Gospel can convey.

On our return journey one evening we rode into the little township called Poço das Trincheiras. The very atmosphere seemed thick with fanaticism, superstition, and crime; a kind of outlawed place it was, of one family tree. I have rarely seen such evil-looking men, and how they scowled at us when we entered the place and they had learnt our business. They had no priest, in spite of an imposing church building, and probably there were many clerical ties among them, and all seemed Catholics of the Borgia type. The head man of the place was tall and dark, with a very intelligent, but rather grave and sinister face. However, he possessed one excellent characteristic. It appears that he has ever made it his special practice and pride to be hospitable to all travellers, without distinction, and he evidently could not break his rule

on our account, so to our vast amazement we were, shortly after our arrival, invited into his very large house, the best in the place, and were soon seated at one of the finest spread tables I have seen in Brazil, while his wife and family waited on us assiduously—it was a surprise!

Just before sitting down I had given the youngest of the family, a boy of about twelve years old, a little Gospel of St. John, which he at once began to read with extraordinary interest. When the feast was over, the boy was still reading. Then I asked if they liked music. Of course they did, and we sang them some of our most beautiful Gospel hymns; and how beautiful they are. Soon the fine sala was filled, and the people even crowded a kind of gallery on the floor above us. Never had such sounds and such sweet words charmed the hearts of these sad-faced folk, but throughout it all the little son of the family never took his eyes from that John's Gospel.

After this I essayed, in a casual manner, to read a passage of Scripture—the story of the dying thief—to which I added a little

commentary of my own, the Lord helping me. The most attentive and earnest listener was the wife of our host, though at this point most of the men arose and left —it was too pointed for their catholic faith to tolerate—but the little lad kept on reading, reading!

That night we slept in high state in most luxurious spring beds, with fine bed-linen and curtains, and other furniture to match, and we almost lost the revolutionary feeling.

Early next morning, after a refreshing swim, we began to canvass the town with our books. At once our kind but sinister host looked graver still, and said, "You had better not; we are all Catholics. You will sell none of these books here." I smilingly assured him that probably he was right, but that at least we could do our duty and try. We did try, but it was not easy work; for though the men of the place might tolerate us as travellers and guests, it was dangerous work selling Scriptures. We canvassed house by house, and succeeded in selling fifty Scriptures, the most successful worker being Mr. Gillanders, only

six weeks landed from New Zealand. Then we quietly collected our animals, saddled up, and were off while matters were yet in an easy state, and the way was open—but not without leaving a New Testament and a "Traveller's Guide" in the hands of the hospitable wife of our gloomy host, who received them gratefully.

And so the seed was sown in many kinds of soil. Maybe, perhaps, the most unlikely may prove to be the most fertile, and that little boy, with his John's Gospel, may become the harbinger of a new spirit and a new hope, in a place where Satan has ruled so long.

We rode home to Garanhuns after our 400 mile journey with glad and thankful hearts, and none the worse for our experiences as revolutionaries of the Lord. During this journey our sales were: 107 Bibles; 203 New Testaments; 1630 Gospels; and 130 "Traveller's Guides."

CHAPTER IV

Through Jungleland

SETTING out from Garanhuns with Mr. Gillanders for a companion, a good load of Scriptures and tracts, a few pots and pans, and a pick-axe, our first objective was Aguas-Bellas—a town about a hundred miles away. Here three good meetings were held, and at the close of the last one, in response to my appeal, seven men and women quietly rose to their feet as a sign of their acceptance of Jesus Christ as their Lord and Saviour.

To my dismay, I found that an intimation sent to another place some seventy miles beyond, had not been forwarded, so that nobody would be expecting us. To remedy this somewhat, I purchased a dozen loud-explosive rockets at Aguas Bellas. As towards nightfall we neared the little community of Bananeiras,* I sent up my rockets, which echoed and re-echoed over the surrounding forest-clad hills, and created

* The community referred to in the previous chapter.

quite a sensation—not to say a scare—through that countryside. Result: we had a crowded meeting that night among the thirty converts and their families and neighbours, the visible fruit of our previous colportage work, and last year's visit. After another meeting among these fine folk early next morning, we pushed on, and for another week or two we continued in the same direction, leaving Scriptures and tracts all along the trail, and holding many little meetings, mostly of the farm-house order. We visited the wonderful falls of Paulo Affonso, 250 feet high, on the great São Francisco river, one of the least known of the world's wonders, and after covering many hundreds of miles of rough country we eventually reached the city of Joazeiro, in the State of Ceará.

Joazeiro is one of the largest inland cities of Northern Brazil, a regular jungle town of thousands of mud huts. It is a kind of kingdom within a kingdom, and is ruled and fortified by a preposterous priest who claims Divine authority and attributes for all his strange and perilous pretensions.

He has completely fascinated and fanaticised all that part of Brazil, and is worshipped as a miraculous saint. Famed far and wide, he draws many thousands of poor, ignorant, ragged, and travel-worn pilgrims to this Mecca of Brazil. There is neither constitution nor law in Joazeiro, for the very Government fears this priest, and nobody can buy or sell without his consent. It was clearly a dangerous place for Gospel workers, and this was to be the first attempt to pierce its walls with the Word of God. At this point we were joined for a while by Senhor Antão, our faithful colporteur, and so, after prayer was made, we divided the city up between us, and half-tremblingly launched out. Within ten minutes I had sold a Bible in the first house entered. It was imperative to work as briskly and inobtrusively as possible, for the danger was only too evident. Nevertheless, it is doubtful if we should have escaped alive or intact if much prayer had not been made. God's hand covered us, and only when we had practically finished all we had set out to do, and sold about twenty-five Bibles

and Testaments and many Gospels, did the storm break, and I was brutally ordered to clear out of the place within two hours by one of the priest's cut-throats. "How dare you sell these new-sect books in this holy city?" he shouted.

A printed handbill soon appeared, directed against us, and one of the chief men in the place, a strong, apoplectic Catholic, created an uproar in the hotel which formed our temporary head-quarters. The situation was alarming, and I might easily have been torn to pieces by the ignorant rabble. Happily, my companions were still at work, in another part of the city, ignorant of all this, and in less than half an hour I had so cooled down my hot-headed antagonist that he apologised and wanted to buy a Bible. Strange to say, in another town not 20 miles away, we were so well and so kindly received by the inhabitants that we had more demands for the Bibles than we had books with us to supply—our relay of Scriptures being in another city 30 miles distant.

Leaving the benighted State of Ceará,

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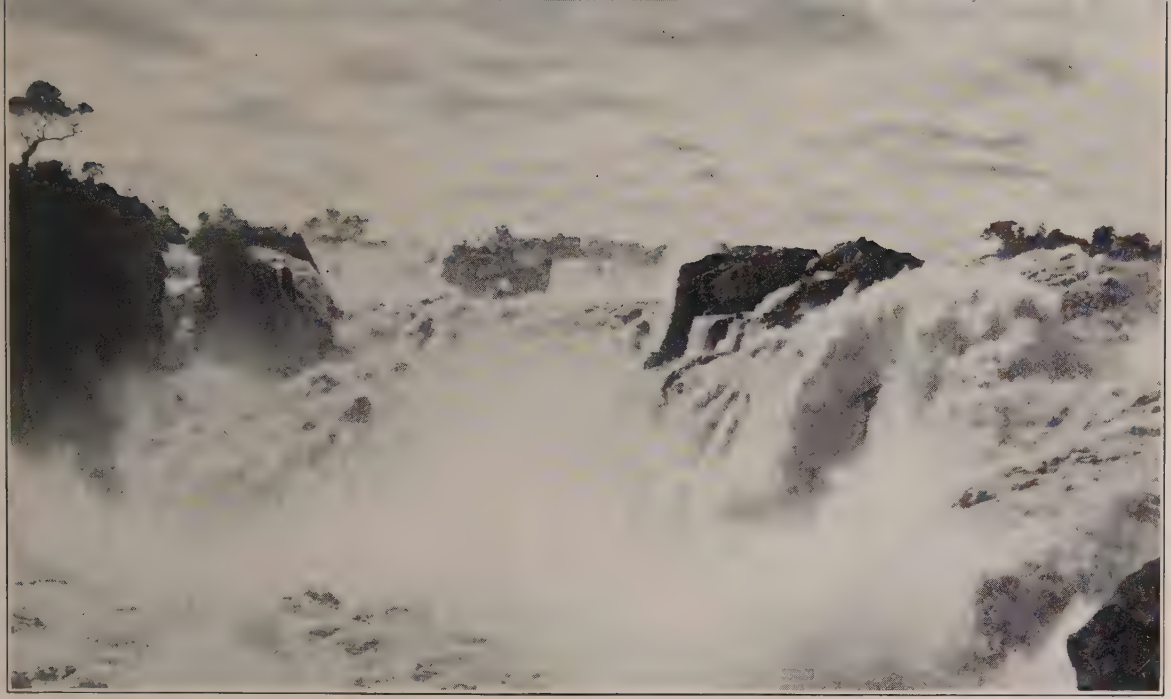

PAULO AFFONSO FALLS

These wonderful falls, 250 feet high, on the great São Francisco river, are higher and more impressive than Niagara

TRAVEL BECAME VERY DIFFICULT!

Roads (?) in Central Brazil are yet in a very primitive condition

we hurtled along in the Ford through a lonely big forest with few inhabitants, and soon ascended the great divide which separates that state from the more westerly one of Piauhy. We had a very hard time of it that first afternoon, climbing up the rugged tracks of the great Ariripe Plateau.

My companion had more nerve—and youth—than I possessed, so he took the wheel, while I walked on ahead, far up the precipitous road, to keep an eye on the luggage and the boy carriers, and to pray. Whenever I heard the old Ford groaning and roaring far away down the hill, it became the occasion for specially earnest prayer—as very often happened on the journey—and when the headlights of the car began at last to appear, an hour or two later, great was my relief and joy.

Soon we were keenly on the lookout for some kind of place where we could pass the night. Naturally we were tired, and hungry, too, and every fitful firefly in imagination was transformed into some desirable sheltering hut, for our radiator was far too dry and dirty for us to contemplate with satis-

faction the idea of another camp in the forest that night, with radiator soup and—ugh!—radiator tea.

Darkness falls very rapidly in these latitudes, and soon we had to reduce speed to avoid losing ourselves in the enfolding jungle.

Swinging round one of the numerous and abrupt curves in the forest track quite suddenly, we came upon one of the most bizarre scenes I can record. A large, high pitched, thatch-roofed house, if such it could be called, open to the wind on three sides, seemed to promise poor accommodation—but the very quaint appearance of the large group of its inmates, lit up by the strong light of our car, gave good promise of an interesting time. Three or four men of rather ruddy and fair complexion—for Brazil—whose bearded faces beamed with good nature, and about the same number of picturesquely attired women and some few children, some of them with white sheets over their heads because of the cold, gave us a warm-hearted reception, and soon helped us to unload the car and make ready to pass the night. A homely meal was pre-

pared of mandioca-root flour, sweet potato, and salt meat, and by that time we were quite one of the family, heartily laughing at each other's humorisms, one of their young men being the source of much innocent amusement by his clever mimicry.

Supper over, I broached the matter of a meeting to welcoming ears, and let them into the mystery of the lantern we carried. The excitement became intense among old and young: it was such a great and unheard of thing in those wilds. The lantern was vowed to be the very latest and most wonderful invention of the civilised world, and somehow or other they soon managed to rig up a screen with an old towel of doubtful hue, which had evidently been used for every other purpose than its ostensible one.

The subject chosen was "Pilgrim's Progress," and the audience seemed to have as much to say about the pictures as the showman himself; but as it was all done in a respectful and intensely interesting manner, no objection was made. Nevertheless, I was enabled to finish with a little talk in a

quieter mood, and to reply to a few pertinent questions from my rugged-looking audience.

It was quite late ere our new friends would let us turn in, but as it was a fine night, with no wind, we slept soundly till daybreak.

While preparing to push on I was approached by a young man of the previous night's audience, who could read fairly well, and who keenly wanted a New Testament. Of course, we decided to let him have one, but for his own sake, human nature being what it is, especially among the gipsies, we did not give it to him, as we could have done. We therefore obtained our purpose, and the man his New Testament, by swapping hoes. His was a little less dilapidated than the one we carried—to straighten up the hills and holes *en route*. We also stipulated strongly that the book was to be read aloud to all, and as our gipsy friends are pretty sure to keep him to his promise, well, something is going to happen some day in that far away forest!

We were soon well on our way west, when right across our path stood a fine looking

young woman, with a coloured scarf tied over her hair, and accompanied by two children. She, too, had been one of the overnight's congregation, for several families had been present. We pulled up the car smartly, and then smilingly she presented us each with a lovely red rose. Thanking her warmly, we were about to move on when she hesitatingly ventured to ask me for a sheet of writing paper. Surprised at the request, I managed to find the article among our luggage, and gave it to her; but she handed it back again, saying, "Oh, sir, will you please write me out a prayer for a sinner to pray?"

Taking her just where I found her, I complied by writing out in a clear, bold hand: "Oh, God, be merciful to me, a sinner, for Jesus Christ my Saviour's sake. Amen!" And I gave her a Gospel.

Then we rode on into the forest.

Travel now became very difficult, and the country was more thinly populated, with towns a hundred miles apart, but we rarely failed to have some kind of meeting or other every day. We used our lantern

to good effect from time to time, showing slides of the "Pilgrim's Progress" and Old Testament pictures, which furnished excellent occasion for teaching the Truth, especially the concluding picture—Moses and the serpent—which never fails to drive home God's plan of salvation. In one little township, a randezvous of the terrible bandit, Lampeão, we took the place by guile, offering to give a free lantern lecture, and the whole village turned up to what they expected to be a cinema show, and heard a full Gospel Message instead.

We were soon in forest and jungleland with a vengeance, and going was very heavy at times. Our car resembled a mowing machine for several hundred miles, and the amount of stuff we ploughed up by the way each day would suffice to cook a good meal. It was travelling by faith, for the trail was out of sight, completely hidden by forest growth, sometimes as high, and higher, than the car itself. Many a night we spent in these lonely tiger-infested forests, though a good camp fire ensured a quiet time. Some of the hill-climbs seemed almost

impossible, and we badly felt the need of more horse-power than our gallant old Ford provided, and several times we needed the strong arms of a dozen men and youths or so to hoist us up bodily over the rocks and chasms of these rarely traversed regions; but wherever we went, mountain-top or

valley, forest or desert, there the Word was preached and the Bible left in the hands of the people.

Once we found ourselves benighted in a dense forest, with no water to cook our evening meal, and weary of radiator tea, a common resource—whilst it was far too dark to see the character of the country passed. At length a glimmer of a fire was

seen among the forest trees, and a closer examination revealed a little mud hut with somebody in it. After sundown these country folk will very rarely open their doors, or even reply to any questions from passing travellers, for bandits are far too frequent these days. On this occasion, however, the invisible inmates received our pot and rice over the top of the barred log door, and cooked us a badly needed meal. We passed the night under the lean-to thatch outside, and early next morning beheld the faces of our hosts. They were three lonely women, and very soon we had a grand opportunity of preaching to them. Rarely have I experienced such glad attention to God's Good News as in that little log hut.

At last, after nearly 1300 miles of travel, we struck a bit of civilisation again in the city of Floriano, on the banks of the big Parnahyba River, which divides the two states of Piauhy and Maranháo. Here we were delighted to find a small Baptist congregation of very real and well taught converts, though they rarely receive a pastoral visit. In the whole vast state of

Piauhy, as large as Great Britain and Ireland, there are only three native pastors and one missionary Throughout our whole journey we came across only three small Christian congregations, although these fields are already "white unto harvest."

In Floriano we made a careful canvass of the city, street by street and house by house, selling about sixty Bibles and Testaments, and many Gospels, and having many interesting conversations with the people, who received us well. We finished up with a splendid and inspiring meeting of several hundred people, many of whom came straight from the Catholic Church (where special services were being held to worship the Virgin Mary, whose month it was), to attend our gathering. One felt the Truth was going home. All this so stirred up the local priest that he sent a man who threw a burning Bible at us. Then he prepared a vitriolic manifesto, and sent it to the printer's to have ready to broadcast through the city as soon as we were well out of the way. It was a terrible production, that might even have made an Anglo-Catholic

blush for shame, and I wish that space would permit me to reproduce it integrally, as a sample of the Christianity they hanker after. I will, however, merely translate several paragraphs of this Catholic Apostolic (?) production.

"CATHOLICS, AWAKE!"

"It seems that the gates of Hell have been burst, and that legions of demons there detained have been scattered over this city, and all over our beloved Piauhy, in order to pervert souls.

"We are informed that there are going about among us two pseudo Englishmen, emissaries of the fatal heresy of Protestantism, engaged in a subtle, secret, infamous, and audacious propaganda to de-Christianise our country!

"They are sellers of false Bibles of Protestant origin labelled as Catholic.

"Catholics of Floriano! Repel with dignity these intruders, enemies of our faith, our families, and our traditions; enemies also of our free country.

"People of God! Vote a solemn contempt for

these carriers of accursed heresy, mercenary sellers of false books; not receiving them into your houses, avoiding their friendship.

"Burn the books which in good faith you may have bought; thus their diabolic propaganda among us will be of no effect.

"TO THE FIGHT! TO THE FIGHT!"

It is difficult to imagine the mentality of a man capable of writing such inflammable rubbish. Into such dense dark jungles Rome leads its victims. Unhappily for the intentions of the reverend canon, the printer employed by him was a good friend of our host, and he ran across the road and surprised us with a copy of the priest's bombshell, just wet from the press. "I shall earn enough with this to buy a Bible!" he exclaimed, and he proved as good as his word.

We were bound to leave that afternoon, and only had two or three hours to spare. It proved sufficient for me to write off a counter-bulletin, about the same form as the priest's, to have scattered through the city as soon as the priest had launched his

Central Bible College Library
Springfield, Missouri

bolt at our absent heads. The rejoinder was largely Scriptural, and briefly read as follows:

"UM CONTO DE REIS (£25).

"The undersigned, British subject, of London, England, employed by the Bible Societies, which are not affiliated with any religious denomination, in view of the bulletin published by the vicar of Floriano, so full of inexactitudes and injuries, herewith offers the sum of Um Conto de Reis (£25), if it can be proved that anything in the books we have sold in this city is not equally to be found in the priest's own Bible!

"What is the motive of this conspiracy of the modern clergy to deprive us of our undeniable right, and our solemn obligation to read the Word of God for ourselves? Why so much fear and clamour? Is it because the vicar's own Bible contains many such passages as the following?"—then came a striking series of Bible quotations, *re* the sin of idolatry, concerning the ONE Saviour and Sacrifice; that grace is free and full, and that the bishops should be married

men; and other topics, concluding with the remark, "All this is in the priest's own Bible, and hence the reason of his interesting bulletin, for which I thank him, and shall take it to England as an exuberant proof, not of the good education and courtesy of the illustrious sons of this progressive and emancipated city, which I gladly acknowledge, but of the ecclesiastical intellect and the moral character of a man who styles himself a minister of God.

"Meanwhile the £25 are at the disposal of the vicar or anybody else who cares to accept the challenge.

"(Signed) FREDERICK C. GLASS,
"GARANHUNS, FLORIANO,
"9th May, 1928."

On our journey we varied our itinerary somewhat in order to include several other cities (we canvassed thirty-two in all), and considering the terrible poverty abounding after three successive years of drought, our sales of Scriptures were good, little opposition was met with, and we even sold a Bible to an aged Catholic priest. He was a trifle suspicious, however, and

asked Mr. Gillanders to what religion he belonged. "To the religion of the Holy Scriptures," was the wise reply. The priest made no rejoinder.

Many other meetings were held, one being in the open air, after dark, at the close of a village fair. Here again the lantern proved of the greatest value. One young man was so impressed that he bought a number of Testaments to sell again.

In another place a woman handed over all her long kept and beloved idols, some of them of real value, for us to carry away and destroy. But enough. I have said sufficient to show that in the far away jungles of Brazil, the old time Gospel has still its attraction and charm for all who are sincere at heart, and humble before God.

Of course, we had our troubles—broken springs, burnt bearings, etc., and heavy expense; but it was well worth it all a thousand times.

Our total sales were about 120 Bibles, 280 Testaments, and many hundreds of Gospels. Praise God for the power of His Holy Word!

Chapter V

My First Bible

It was practically my first journey on horseback through Brazil since my late conversion on a gold mine in the central-south of the Republic, and things were very new and strange, as I had yet had no experience in Gospel work beyond scrubbing the mission floor. My knowledge of Portuguese was very meagre at that time; it had sufficed to boss the niggers in the assay office, but was not enough to sell Bibles, which was the main object of my two American friends in their long ride from Ouro Preto to the sea. I felt thankful, however, to be permitted to accompany them at all, for I was young and active, keen on new experiences, and eager to do something for the One who had done so much for me. Willing to abase or abound, it fell to my lot to look after the animals, to rub them down each night, and find provender for the same,

besides cooking the unfailing beans and rice, and washing up the dishes after each meal, what time my two friends sallied forth with bags in their hands, engaged in the more honourable and interesting

work of selling Scriptures at every town or village we passed or spent the night at.

In this way several hundred miles had been covered when we found, to our concern, that the exchequer was getting very low. Book sales had been few—far fewer than we had anticipated, and we were largely depen-

THROUGH JUNGLELAND!

"It was travelling by faith, for the trail was out of sight"

TRAVELLING ON THE SÃO FRANCISCO RIVER

The Author

dent on these sales to pay our way across country, but it seemed that I was spending more money on the animals and the cooking pot than my companions were earning with their colportage.

I had now become an expert cook, and my vocation seemed assured and permanent; but alas! there was no improvement in the daily income, and we had yet a long, long way to go. One morning our leader astonished me by exclaiming, "Look here, Glass, I think you had better try your hand at Bible-selling to-day, while I will do the cooking. You may do better than we have done, for you cannot do much worse, so let us see how you succeed, anyhow, for we cannot go on like this." Here was a to-do! My heart sank within me, and how willingly I would have evaded this call. I would not and could not say "No," however; so, swallowing my feelings and a hasty meal, I saddled up, and with my saddlebags well stocked with books, I reluctantly set forth ahead of the more slow going troop, to canvass the next town, a few miles away. I fully expected to make a fool of myself,

as I coldly reflected that I had never sold a book in my life, or anything else for that matter; and then, too, my Portuguese—and here I began feverishly trying to string a few words together that might serve me in the all too novel and difficult vocation of a Bible colporteur. I could make a fair assay and melt a gold bar, but book-selling seemed out of my line altogether At last a town appeared in the distance, and what a very ugly look it had about it to be sure! Soon I was picking my way through the fringe of the place, with a very queer feeling down the spine of my back, as though marching to my execution, and I never prayed so earnestly.

Pulling up in the central square of the town, I tied my horse to a post, and then fumbled nervously at my saddlebags to gain time. I hardly dared to look around, feeling that all the eyes of the city were upon me.

Endeavouring to shake myself together, and feeling it was a case of "now or never," I grabbed a few Bibles and Testaments, and dived in at the open doors of the nearest

shop. The owner looked up in some surprise at this unexpected visit, and set me all in a flutter by making some remark I could not understand. Plunging into the breach, I started in with the first of the three sentences I had been compiling *en route.* "Tenho aqui Senhor um bom livro" (I have here a good book, sir), and I handed the man a Bible. I did not feel at all proud of my phrase; it had too much of a copy-book sound about it, but the shopkeeper seemed to have a lot to say about it, all of which was Dutch to me, and I could only smile back at him vacantly and produce my second linguistic masterpiece: "It is a very cheap book, sir." This very simple remark produced another lengthy rejoinder, equally unintelligible, but to which I replied, emphatically, "It only costs two milreis." The man stared at me in rather a surprised manner, and I wondered what was coming next, when to my utter astonishment he drew open his till and handed me the price of the book. I had sold my first Bible within ten minutes of my arrival in the town!

I hurried forth lest he might want his money back, and sought a hiding-place in the shop next door. Here again I essayed to trot out my three classic remarks at convenient intervals, and smiled at the voluble comments they produced, when, lo and behold! another Bible was disposed of in less time than the first. I was the most amazed person living. It seemed like a dream, as backwards and forwards I went to those saddle-bags to replenish my armful of books, and long before the troop caught me up I had sold every copy of my stock. It certainly was not owing to my vast experience, to my Portuguese, or natural capacity of any kind, but just to the gift and power of the Spirit of God, to whom be the glory.

My two friends were duly impressed by my story, and had just to peep into those saddle-bags to confirm the miracle. "You certainly have the gift for selling Bibles," said the leader of the party; "after to-day we will do the cooking and care for the animals, and you can be colporteur."

I confess that I did not feel at all

impressed by this new arrangement, but the fact remained that at the very next town the same thing happened, and at the next also, while little by little my vocabulary became more elastic, I began to feel more confident, and, eventually, had real joy in the work, a joy I have never lost, though I never have been quite able to throw off that cold feeling referred to when starting to canvass a strange city.

After the event related we had no more trouble with the exchequer, and we finally reached the seaport of Victoria, and opened a Mission station there. I was enabled to support the same for a considerable period by my sales of Bibles and Testaments.

You never can tell what gift you may possess until the Lord brings you face to face with some such crisis and call as that which launched me out into the great and glorious ministry of sowing the seed.

CHAPTER VI

The Way Out

ANTÃO, Gillanders, and I had set off from Garanhuns in different directions to the N.W., S.W., and S., and after jointly covering over 5000 miles by rail, canoe, and muleback, we met at a given rendezvous on the banks of the great São Francisco River, down which we paddled in the direction of the great cataracts. Thanks to the usual generosity of the British and Foreign Bible Society, we had relays of Scriptures waiting for us at different points of the long journey. We parted with our canoe at Coraça, and continued overland with a good troop of mules into one of the darkest regions of the land, the scene of the greatest national tragedy in the history of Brazil, a direct fruit of Romanism and the latent dissatisfaction, fear, and unrest which this doleful creed always produces, and this chapter relates a few of our experiences in traversing

this difficult and dangerous region. Every night informal meetings were held, for the first time, in some farm-house or other. The little groups of rustic-looking folk in rough working attire, squatting around on some crude bench or the mud floor, their pale faces lighted up by the unusual acetylene lamp we carried, sitting motionless with their eyes fastened on the speaker, made both a moving and an inspiring picture. Sometimes they would break in on the preacher with varied ejaculations, such as "E a verdade! Porque nao? Muito bem, Sim Senhor!" ("That's the truth! Why not? Very good! Yes, sir!"), as they followed the argument of the discourse.

One of the main objectives of our journey was Canudos, in the S.W. corner of the State of Bahia, situated in a waterless region of very difficult approach, in which rocks and thorns predominated. It is now but a small village of a few hundred inhabitants, and is the site of what, but thirty years ago, was a big city or stronghold of mud huts, with some 50,000 souls, then despotically ruled by an aged, irregular priest of singular

appearance and attire, and of a doubtful mentality, but who was worshipped as a holy, miraculous prophet of God, very much as the priest of Joazeiro is to-day. He drew the whole illiterate countryside to his standard, and soon defied the armies of the newly formed Republic, which he declared was anti-Christ. Time and again the flower of the Brazilian army was defeated by these ignorant, ill-armed, untrained peasants, who fought with a fierce, fanatical persistence worthy of a better cause. The whole country was shaken, and soon the wildest stories were abroad, while a wave of superstitious fear swept across the land, and seemed to paralyse all efforts to end this long drawn out civil war, which lasted about two years. When the final massacre of its miserable inhabitants was followed up by a complete destruction of their city and stronghold, the whole country around was left in an almost depopulated state, and under a ban that remains to this day

All this was but the fruit of ignorance and Romanism at its worst, and the utter lack of the Word of God which Rome had banned

and barred from the people. From that day to this nothing had ever been done, materially or spiritually, to introduce a new breath of life and good-will into its dark places. We brought the first message of peace and love to Canudos.

The chief man of the place received us indifferently, his wife being very opposed to us, and this spirit determined the attitude of most of the inhabitants. Nevertheless an empty house was put at our disposal on the outskirts of the place, and thither we made our way. We soon found that next door lived two Catholic ladies, who seemed strangely excited at our arrival, and who welcomed us as friends. It seems that only the previous night they had prayed God to send somebody with the Word of God. They could not read, but years before, in another town, they had become wonderfully interested by often hearing the Bible read aloud by a lodger of theirs, an army officer, and they were longing to hear it again.

We canvassed the place thoroughly with Bibles, leaving a free copy of John's Gospel in every house; but it was uphill work.

A small detachment of soldiery had lately arrived, to head off the bandits and revolutionaries then infesting the land, and one of these men welcomed us like a brother. His story was that several years ago he had fled from his evil father's house, intent on becoming a brigand, for which it seems he had special qualifications. Times were bad, however, so he enlisted in the state police, and was sent up to a far interior town with a force on special duty. Finding the time hang heavily on his hands, and with nothing to occupy his mind, he inquired from a small boy of the home where he was billeted if there were any novels or such like books in the house. The boy replied that he had seen a biggish book lying about, and went off in search of this promising novel. He returned a little later with a New Testament. A strange name for a novel, it seemed. Whatever could it be? For lack of anything more attractive-looking, the soldier settled down to read the book from the beginning. Hour after hour he read that book; it stirred him strangely He read it through in a few days, and then started

to read it again. In the meantime, a change came over his life as he read, and evil habits and companionships were dropped instinctively, and a new life and hope opened up before him. He knew nothing of the history of the book, nothing of Protestantism, and had never heard the Gospel in the remotest degree, yet when he was recalled to the capital a few months later he was a changed man. He soon discovered the connection between his little book and the Gospel Missions, and was baptised shortly afterwards. He produced his Bible from his very limited kit-sack, for it is now his inseparable companion. What a cheer to us to find such a witness in such a place!

We held open-air meetings in the centre of the little town, and our soldier friend was present. The attendance was meagre, and the folk seemed scared, the local teacher running off into the forest in order not to hear a word of the preaching or singing.

However, several good little meetings were held in our hired house, and some few heard the Word gladly, but, best of all, before we left Canudos four days later, the

two Catholic ladies and a friend of theirs knelt with us in prayer, and received Jesus Christ as their Saviour.

Travel through this ill-omened region was comfortless, and the going was very heavy, water for men or animals being scarce and of bad quality, muddy and evil smelling, and there was no pasturage of any kind; a gruesome region, full of dreadful memories, and with a repellent nature, as though cursed by God and man; and yet, right across this sad country, we sold a New Testament in about every house we canvassed by the wayside, leaving a line of the pure light of God's Word right across a region where Satan had had his way so long, and left his dreadful scars.

In one town, after Antão had preached in the open air to a great concourse of people, one man openly exclaimed, "Ah, if we had only been taught this, who would be for Rome?" Who indeed?

In a town called Geremoabo, we had met with little encouragement, and had only sold one Bible, when I came to the prison house. With the jailer's consent I traversed

a long corridor and entered the cell of the condemned prisoners. I found three men there. We held a friendly and interesting talk together, and they grew communicative. I was especially impressed by the sad face of one of the men, and after hearing suggestive bits of his tragic history, I broke in, saying, "Yes, but God may well have permitted all you tell me, to bring you to this prison and to this hour, that here you might find the Word of God, and with it a new life and hope."

Deeply impressed by my words, he at once bought a Bible, and the other two men followed his example, for all could read—this sale of three Bibles being more than we had sold in the whole city.

In another place Antão met a farmer who had had a little John's Gospel for over twenty years, without dreaming that it was a dreadful "livro Protestante." It appears that some twenty years ago, while visiting his town on market day, this farmer had seen a pedlar selling rosaries, chaplets, images, and other Romish rubbish, and among this pile of superstition and idolatry

he had spied a little book. He could not read, but his curiosity was aroused. "That," said the ignorant pedlar, "is the true story of Saint John the Baptist." It was his favourite saint, so he bought the little book for sixpence, for his daughter to read. Very soon he almost knew the book by heart, and became so attached to it that he never made a journey without it in his pocket, and if perchance he forgot to take his beloved book, he would sometimes return many miles before riding on his way. Wherever he went his book was read, and the fame of that John's Gospel went far and wide. The men of his town hearing of it, began to borrow the wonderful book, and thus it went all round the town. It was bound and rebound, and then one day to his great dismay, a page was missing, and by the time our colporteur knocked at his door, several others had disappeared. Imagine his astonishment and delight when he found that his little book was but part of a much bigger volume of the very same nature! He eagerly bought up the best books in Antão's bag. What an earnest listener and

learner he was that wonderful night! The town itself was quite stirred up when the books were offered, but everybody wanted a John's Gospel, and only John's Gospel, so that in an hour or so two or three hundred little books were sold in that Catholic city. Small wonder that Beelzebub and his friends, the Modernists, have a strange dislike to the Gospel according to John. It works!

Outside the city of Canudos I met large forces of the army in operations against the terrible bandit Lampeão, the scourge of this part of Brazil, from whom the Lord had hitherto protected us. I called on the colonel commanding officer. There were other officers present, and he was embarrassed. Finally he rather abruptly blurted out, "In any case, this is a book that every man ought to possess," and buying a copy he hurriedly disappeared. I then sold four more Bibles among his officers.

One day, while resting by the wayside, we were suddenly aroused by the noisy arrival of three horsemen of a rather alarming appearance. "We are in for it now," I thought. They were all armed to the teeth,

carrying rifles and bandoleers, and what they were I really don't know—but ten minutes later they were riding off at a gallop with a couple of Bibles and a New Testament in their saddle-bags, all bought at full price.

We crossed the S. Francisco River for the last time, but a short distance above the Paulo Affonso Falls, which are much higher and far more impressive than Niagara. This crossing is quite an interesting one, and is called "Valha-me-Deus" ("God help us"), referring, I suppose, to the fact that if anything happened to the crude canoe, with its load of men and animals, in those swirling waters, the probabilities are that the whole contents would go over the great falls. And as the canoe man was very tipsy at the time, and the embarcation rolled considerably, we were glad when we reached the farther shore.

We arrived home none the worse for our wanderings, and deeply grateful to God for such a privilege, and for such Divine guidance and blessing on our sowing of the seed in some of the dark places of the earth.

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A REST BY THE WAY

TROOPS ON THE TRAIL OF THE REVOLUTIONARIES

CHAPTER VII

The Gospel Tide

THE Bible wins! Neither Pope nor Bolshevist, Modernist nor monk, can stem the tide of life created by the Living Word. Together with the two companions of the previous chapter, we had a miniature evangelistic campaign in a remote corner of one of the northern states of Brazil, where the living Gospel had never before been preached, but where faithful Bible colportage has been accomplished during the last two years; and never has the supreme value of this work had better exemplification. We covered over five hundred miles, held twelve meetings in five different places, averaging about one hundred and fifty people at each. Yet not a rough, harsh word was heard throughout, and many were manifestly moved by the power of the Gospel.

We travelled in our Ford car, and surely rarely were the virtues of that classic vehicle

so roughly tested as on this journey. The roads in places were almost unnavigable, even to ox-carts, with steep and multi-boulder-strewn trails, which strained every bolt and rivet of the car, and burnt out all our brakes at critical stages of descent, and where any little extra bump or swerve would have hurled us down a precipice. My two companions had a hard time pushing and pulling the car in bad places, or carrying the luggage up the steeper hills, and many a chilly feeling they had, too, with my immature handling of the same in dangerous spots. Once we crashed into a forest and got badly twisted up, and how we made the car to go again so soon was a wonder.

Yes, travelling was hard and heavy, for roads in Central Brazil are yet in a very primitive condition, and there were many anxious moments when one thought wistfully of our troop of steady, sure-footed mules; but the results were worth it all. Our main objective was the little town of Tavares, the home of our faithful trooper and col-porteur, Antão, whom I had met twelve years before, two thousand miles up the Amazon.

His conversion on that occasion, and subsequent faithful life and testimony had wonderfully impressed his townfolk, and I had many an invitation to visit them.

We found the people of all classes most friendly and open, and held four excellently-attended Gospel services in the principal houses of the place, as well as an impressive open-air meeting on the Sunday afternoon. Many were convinced and well disposed, and three of them made open confession of faith. Then we took horse and rode farther inland, where even our valiant Ford dare not go.

Our next meeting was a hastily arranged and quite unexpected one. Passing a prosperous-looking farm-house by the roadside, I was surprised to see the farmer himself—a fine, powerfully-built man—stretched out on a couch under a shady tree, while he superintended the work of his men. He looked a very sick man—suffering, I believe, from cancer of the stomach. It seemed a natural thing to stop for a while and speak to him of the Good Hope, followed by a word of prayer on his behalf. Deeply

impressed, the farmer requested us to hold a meeting in the farm-house, which contained an unusually spacious room The service commenced at six o'clock, and very rapidly but quietly the farm hands and neighbours from miles around slipped into the room, until about one hundred and twenty men and women were present, all breathlessly silent and attentive. I preached on the Prodigal Son, and one felt that the truth was going home to many hearts. This was immediately followed by a lantern address on Bible subjects, and concluding with the "Pilgrim's Progress."

All so new, strange, and undreamt-of it was to the far greater part of the audience, and when the meeting concluded at 8.30, nobody seemed eager to get away, and everybody began to talk. The crowd was great, and the noise was greater; but above it all I soon heard of one who was anxious to settle the matter with God right there and then, in spite of the opposition of some others present. He was the local schoolmaster, a man of about twenty-five, and coming to me through the press, with a white face and

trembling body, he asked what he could do to be saved. Right there in the midst of the crowd we knelt down together on the bare earth floor, and he simply and sincerely accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour. Ten minutes later we were jogging on our way in the intense darkness of that night, with only the stars to light our uncertain steps. *

Four miles beyond the sick man's house we pulled up at another farm-house, where we found some fifty people who had been patiently awaiting our arrival for over two hours, while some had gone away. This second meeting lasted till nearly midnight, and many another wayfaring man crept in during that time and heard the strange Good News.

Sixteen miles to the west of Tavares there is a prosperous and very attractive little city called Princeza (Princess), and the political chief of the place—a man of great weight and authority in all that part of Brazil—was anxious for us to visit his

* A few days after, we heard that the schoolmaster had been practically driven out of the place by his furious relatives. He had been prepared for the truth through a borrowed Bible. This man is now a successful evangelist.

city, where the Gospel had never been preached. On arriving there we were warmly welcomed by this gentleman, who, besides being a State Deputy, is a man of real character, great initiative, and of moral and physical courage. At once he put the big local school-house at our disposal for meetings, and Gillanders and I canvassed the city with invitations and tracts.

Passing through the central market-place, I noticed the town priest seated in the shade of some trees, and, approaching him courteously, I bowed, complimented him, and asked after his health. The priest was manifestly ill at ease, and very pale; but ere he could reply to my greetings, I seated myself in an empty chair by his side, and continued the conversation in a studiously casual manner. I discussed the beauty and progress of the town, the weather, and (the inevitable topic), the local bandits. But never a word said he, only too well aware that the curious eyes of half the city were turned upon us.

When I remarked that we lived in evil times, the priest pulled himself together

somewhat, and, glancing up at me from under his dark eyebrows, and with rather a sinister look on his pale face, he remarked, "Yes, very dangerous times indeed, even for us who live in this city. How much more for those who come from the outside?" One could not help feeling that his reverence was mentally counting over what few of his "lambs" he might yet depend upon to give weight to his remarks with sticks and stones —at our expense! He left it at that, however, as he well knew that the big man of the place was more than his match, and that all the town had turned Protestant *pro tem.*

That night, as soon as the doors were opened, the big school-house rapidly filled with over one hundred and fifty men and a few women, while an equal number, perhaps, failed to gain admission. Our singing was much appreciated, and I spoke with liberty on the song of Zacharias

Next day everybody discussed the questions at issue, and, judging by the visits we made among the people, the majority were on the side of the Truth, quite a number

of Bibles, Testaments, and "Traveller's Guides" being sold. This was too much for the priest, who, finding me talking with the local chemist, drew a crowd after him, and entering the establishment, addressed me gruffly and without salutation, nor even looking me in the face. He said:

"I would have you to know, Senhor, that I am still vicar of this city."

"I am well aware of that, Senhor Vigario," I replied. "I called on you yesterday."

"But," said the priest, "it is my duty to demand an explanation of what you are doing here in my city."

Pretending to misunderstand him, in order to avoid public discussion, I replied, "Without doubt, Senhor Vigario, you have very good reason, excellent reason, for your concern; but so also have I in faithfully fulfilling my own duty to this place." And, turning to the chemist, I quietly continued the conversation so rudely interrupted. This rather nonplussed the priest, who, after opening his mouth several times to speak, finally turned and left the place abruptly, and I saw him no more. During

the day so many people were anxious to hear the Gospel that the owner of the newly erected picture palace offered it for our use free of charge, and that night quite five hundred people crowded into the elegant little hall—a most inspiring sight!

I commenced the meeting with a kind of declaration of faith, which I prefaced by saying that we were not there to fight the local church or to speak ill of their priest, nor were we there to preach strange new doctrines, but rather to call them back to the old-time religion of their fathers and the doctrines of the Holy Apostles. One by one I explained the chief articles of our belief with relation to the Triune God, to the Saints, including the Holy Virgin—with regard to whom I showed that we were more Catholic than the Roman Catholics themselves, as we sought to diligently obey her words, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." I spoke on the need of confession, on the meaning of Grace, and thus lightly on many other points of the Catholic Apostolic Christian Church. I said we were NOT there to proselytize to some other Church

or denomination—there was no time for that: the danger was real, and the need too urgent—but rather to show them a way through Grace alone, by which, very simply and there and then, they might find peace with God through the Cross of Calvary. I invited questions, but none were forthcoming.

Throughout I was listened to with intense and respectful attention. Then followed the lantern address with its vivid, telling pictures, which find a way through the eyegate of some who might not otherwise understand. The whole meeting lasted about two hours.

Leaving this most promising place, we pushed on over terrible roads to the city of Triumpho, a centre of idolatry, superstition, and their handmaid—crime. We found no entrance there, so continued our journey down about the worst mountain road in Brazil. Only God's mercy brought us safely to the bottom without disaster.

It was after dark, and we were very tired when we arrived in the city of Flores (Flowers), and put up at a local hotel for

the night, intending to pass the next day at a friendly farmer's house not far distant. I was lying, half-dressed and half-asleep, in my hammock, when I was suddenly aroused by the entrance of a score or so of well-dressed gentlemen, ill discernible by the light of our candle. It was a deputation of all the chief men of the place—the mayor, the public prosecutor, the judge, schoolmaster, commanding officer of forces operating against the bandits, and others—all come to welcome us to the city and offer us every guarantee of protection we required. I tried to look as dignified as I could, standing stork-like, with only one boot on, and in my shirt sleeves. I thanked them, and they bowed themselves out.

Again I turned into my hammock, when lo! in came another deputation of the chief of the police, all profuse in friendly sentiments. A guard was mounted at our hotel all night, and early next morning down from the barracks came marching a picket of five armed soldiers that the lieutenant had put at our disposal. All this was very surprising, and we decided to spend the

day there. I visited all the city authorities to thank them for their good will, and arranged with the chief man of the place to hold a meeting in the town hall that evening—to everybody's satisfaction, the padre excepted, and he at once sent a rather disreputable looking deputation of his own, commanding us not to preach, and pronouncing vague threats of what would happen if we did; all of which we calmly ignored.

That afternoon we had an interesting little talk to some twenty or thirty prisoners in the big jail, among whom we also sold two Bibles and Testaments. Many Gospel tracts were also circulated through the city. Meanwhile, the priest had wrought himself up into a state of uncontrollable fury, and launched deputation after deputation to all the authorities, demanding that our meetings should be prohibited, and—as the chief man himself told me—fairly made all their heads ache with their noisy disputation; but all to no effect, and soldiers were told off to guard our meeting. The principal authority called on the priest to reason with him, and to point out the illegality and danger

of his attitude, but found him intractable and weeping with rage; finally declaring that if we persisted in our intention he would carry the "Sacred Host" into the middle of our meeting. Now, as this piece of consecrated bread, to these untaught folk, is just about what the Ark of the Covenant was to the Israelites of old, such an action could only have engendered terrible confusion and bloodshed. Rightly alarmed at the danger, the chief magistrate and another high official shamefacedly requested us, as a favour to them, to desist from the meeting, which I eventually and regretfully decided, under the circumstances, was the right thing to do. The best people of the town were astonished and indignant at their priest, and that evening, seated in front of the hotel, we had plenty of opportunity of proclaiming the Truth to individual hearers, the village schoolmaster being especially interesting, and purchasing a Bible. Next morning we proceeded on our homeward way.

And thus the Gospel warfare ebbs and flows in dark Brazil; but the flowing tide is with us, praise God!

CHAPTER VIII

Prison Houses

"To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house" (Isaiah 42. 7).

First comes the blind school in Garanhuns. Standing behind one of the pupils is seen blind André, the teacher, firstfruit of our blind schools in N. Brazil. He was a blind beggar, one of the unhappy swarm who beg from door to door for the miserable little vintem (tenth of a penny), which is all they usually receive. Helpless and hopeless is the sad lot of a blind beggar; but André had an ambition for better things, and was the first pupil enrolled. As nearly all the text books and readers are Braille Scripture portions, André soon became deeply interested in the Gospel they conveyed to his dark mind, and he began to

see. Six months later he was soundly converted and baptised.

He soon stopped his begging, and I essayed to employ him as a public Scripture reader, which he took to without fear, and

soon proved a success. Week by week he takes his stand in the centre of the big public market-place of the town, drawing crowds of wondering folk about him, who look in amazement at the unheard-of thing—a blind man reading! He generally reads

through his Braille John, and many hear those precious words for the first time who otherwise would never hear them at all. Now and again he rests in his reading, and, raising his voice, he very slowly and impressively gives a few words of personal testimony, generally of a striking and original character. At times he will hold a St. John's Gospel, and cry out, "A book to open the eyes of the blind, one penny." Once the Bishop himself stopped to listen. A great impression was made in the market place, and the fame of André travelled far and wide. Large numbers of Scriptures were sold, many of which were carried away into the surrounding villages for twenty or thirty miles around. I'm afraid he is a wee bit proud of his accomplishments, and no wonder; he has escaped from the prison house.

Another of our blind students is Augusto Bello, a one time blind beggar lad, but now a well-known evangelist and colporteur, who covers a very large area of N. Brazil on his Gospel journeys, largely on foot. He has sold many thousands of Bibles and

THE BLIND SCHOOL

Top—Making bricks for the blind school
Bottom—André (standing) teaching blind pupils

BEHIND IRON BARS

Testaments, and been instrumental in the conversion of hundreds of Brazilians.

Next came the Town Jail of the same city. Every week Gospel meetings are held before the different iron-barred windows of this large prison house, with its fifty or sixty prisoners. Most of its inmates are incarcerated for a breach of the sixth commandment. The sanitary conditions of the prison are of the worst description; no exercise is allowed, or work provided, and most of the men are herded together in one large cell. Some few who yet await their trial are thrust in with those already condemned, and may have to suffer this ignominy for many months and sometimes for years before their case is dealt with. Our visits are always welcomed, and the messages of good hope and deliverance are eagerly listened to, by many of the miserable inmates, the lovely Gospel hymns also never failing to make their own appeal. A sympathetic handshake will often bring a rare smile into some of those most unhappy-looking faces. Once I took our sweet eighteen months old Winifred with me, and made her the preacher.

She came like a ray of sunshine. As some of those desperate, crime-hardened men gazed on her pure, innocent face, and noticed the trustful way in which she looked at them all, as she held on to her daddy, they must have thought of their own wee babies far away, and as I told them that the Gospel had power to transform their hearts and make them as pure and white as hers, I noticed moist eyes amongst them. It seemed to them a thing so much to be desired, and yet so very impossible—so I told them the story of Naaman, the leper, whose flesh came again "as the flesh of a little child," and explained the wondrous miracle of the New Birth.

One Sunday, as I sang, "The best Friend to have is Jesus," a husky voice cried out from behind those thick iron bars, "Ah, yes, there is no friend like Him!" I then visited the women's cell to tell them of this "Friend indeed." There were three of them, the youngest, a woman of less than twenty, had only been thrown into prison a few hours previously for a barbarous knife murder. She tried to hide behind an angle of the

wall, but as I went on talking to the other two women she became interested enough to join her two companions and to listen attentively. I was telling them about Manasseh and his terrible reign and unspeakable crimes—crimes of the worst character; and how God caused him to fall into the hands of his enemies, who carried him away into a far country, loaded with irons and misery. Then I told them of his deep repentance behind those prison bars, and his earnest prayer to God, with the wonderful result that followed—sins forgiven, fetters riven, restoration to home—and even to his throne again! I spoke of his changed life, and how probably he earnestly sought to expiate in part those terrible lost years of sin. He could no longer influence his son, Amon, he was already too old in iniquity—but he could save his little grandson, Josiah, before he died; and I showed how the little lad became one of the best kings of Judah and a true believer—"Like unto him was there no king before him, that turned to the Lord with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his might."

How eagerly those women listened, and as I applied the story to their own case and condition, and showed that the God who saved Manasseh could do the same for them if they sought Him earnestly, doubtless a new vision and a new hope invaded those dark, tempestuous hearts.

There is no doubt that a work of grace is being done in the hearts of many of these prisoners. All who can read are freely supplied with Gospels, New Testaments, and "Traveller's Guides." The many friends and relatives who come to visit these men become equally interested in the Good News, and to these illustrated Gospels are also given, as well as to the soldiers of the guard.

One Christmas night we paid the prisoners a surprise visit.

"Come in, Senhores!" cried the sergeant of the guard. It was a dark and windy night when we pulled up our car at the front gates of the prison, with its rather gloomy-looking exterior. Gloomier still, however, are its past traditions, and among them this: that a few years ago some eight political prisoners had been snared into

A LITTLE PREACHER

"I took eighteen-months-old Winifred to the prison with me, and made her the preacher"

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THE LANTERN LECTURE IN THE PRISON

this sinister building, and there brutally murdered by their political opponents. Most of the victims were heads of the best families of the town.

"Come in, Senhores!"—and in we went, with all our baggage, to the great surprise alike of soldier-guards and of the prisoners who peeped out at us from behind their strongly iron-barred doors.

Alas! the jailer, with all his keys, was away in a distant part of the town, keeping Christmas after his own fashion; so Gillanders and a young soldier hurried off in the Ford to capture him if possible, what time I was left explaining to all the inmates that the Chief of the Police himself had granted me special permission to hold a lantern lecture among them—and what a "lecture" it was, to be sure!

The jailer soon arrived with his bunch of keys and a very good will, and immediately the big front gates were locked and barred, while ammunition was handed round to the guard, who formed up in line, with their rifles at an alarming angle, while the inner doors of the jail were unlocked and we were

admitted with all our luggage inside among the convicts. With similar precautions the prisoners from other cells were introduced, including four women, making a total of about forty-five prisoners, apart from the jailer and some of the guard who locked themselves in with us.

When all was ready there was some little hesitation about putting out the prison lights —for obvious reasons (some of the inmates were desperate characters), but out they went—as soon as the guns were handily disposed.

Meanwhile, one of the convicts had busily pasted up the worst hole on the best wall with the aid of paper and soap, so that the lantern gave a splendid large and brilliant picture. There was a feeling of excitement in the air, nobody knowing just what was to come, but the quiet was absolute. It might have been a Sunday school instead of the band of murderers the most of them were.

The programme was extensive and very varied, and both grave and gay in character. The first item shook some of them badly, it

being pictures of little children, sweet and innocent, and finishing with a fine reproduction of that great picture, "A little child shall lead them," speaking of the great time coming when there shall be no more curse, and no more prisons. Scenes from the always welcomed "Pilgrim's Progress" were included, so impressive and so profound, and many another picture drew alternative smiles—and tears, maybe.

It was a long meeting, yet, as I concluded with several of Dorés' pictures of the Fall, the Deluge, and finally the uplifted serpent in the desert—so full of Gospel truth—quite a sigh of regret went up, which, however, soon gave way to joy as we handed round our loaves and little sacks of sweets to each inmate, not forgetting the soldiers. The prisoners expressed to us their thanks and appreciation of a night that very few will ever forget.

The third prison house is inhabited by the Carijó Redskins, and it is, in some ways, the most terrible, in spite of its more romantic and picturesque setting. These Indians form what would be considered quite a large

tribe as tribes go in Brazilian Amazonia, with its four hundred branches of this all but forgotten race. In the onward sweep of the invaders of four centuries ago, while many tribes were virtually exterminated, the Carijós seem to have held their ground. Perhaps it may have been due to their more pacific nature, or to their adaptability to the new conditions; but whatever the reason, it is nevertheless certain that they have proved marvellously tenacious of their old customs, language, and—alas!—of their religion, too.

The Carijó religion is of a very mysterious and disquieting character, though little positive information is available, it being so difficult to persuade an Indian to talk on the subject.

Though classified as "Catholic" in the Government statistics, they contemptuously but half fearfully shake their heads at the term, and quietly affirm, "our devotion is different and older." Without a doubt this is true, but it is also a far more perilous and impregnable prison house of Satan than is Romanism. One of the outstanding fea-

tures of this faith is, that every year, for about three months, the whole tribe disappears into the surrounding forest, to some remote part known only to themselves. No white man dare follow them, for very careful watch is kept, and the few who have attempted to do so in the past have been badly handled by the Redskin sentinels. The greatest secrecy is observed as to what takes place at the Uricury, as it is called, and wild horses could not drag forth the revelation, for even the children are fearful and reticent on the subject, nor will even a converted Indian think of betraying the secret of his tribe.

I had long felt that they practised a form of demon worship, akin to Spiritism in its nature and origin, and after preaching to them on the words, "Believe not every spirit," a few remarks from some of the listening Indians seemed to confirm that impression. I have often remarked to them that as the spirit keeps them so poor, and miserable, and ignorant, it is time they changed their "devotion" for a better spirit, but such suggestions have had a rather

mixed reception. Fortunately, we have already succeeded in teaching a few of these Indians to read, and as each one now owns a New Testament, this may prove the way out of the darkness.

Among these most interesting people our brave and great-hearted evangelist, Laurencio Oliveira, is carrying on an uphill work. Meetings are held in the village, and much house-to-house visitation is being done. We certainly have the good-will of most of the tribe, and the strong friendship of a few; but ever there looms up the dark forbidding wall of the Uricury, against which we seem to beat our efforts and arms in vain; yet, though this prison house of Satan is the most fearsome of the three—"Our God is able."

CHAPTER IX

Among the Carijós

WHEN the early Portuguese invaders reached the northern shores of Brazil, they found the whole country fairly thickly populated with many tribes of Indians. Within the first fifty years the greater number of these tribes were exterminated, or else were gradually absorbed in the newly developing Brazilian type, a mingling of the white, black, and red races, the latter, perhaps, predominating. Many of these redskins, however, were driven back, league by league, and not without considerable cost to the invaders, until they found temporary protection beyond the swift waters of the mighty Tocantins and the splendid Araguaya rivers, where most of them are to be found to this day.

In this retreat before the advancing tide of these ruthless invaders, with their superior arms, several of these tribes were left "high

and dry," so to speak, and soon were rapidly encircled by the white settlers. For a century or more they succeeded in maintaining their independence and a large area of the countryside; but the cupidity of the pale-face soon proved too much for their simple minds, and they have long been landless and poverty-stricken.

Such are the Carijós referred to in the previous chapter, and who live within a hundred miles of our home in Garanhuns. Though closely shut in by the surrounding whites, who have filched them of their ancient land rights and their water springs, they yet retain a pride of race, a native dignity, and much self-respect—indeed, more of the latter than their circumstances warrant.

Though Portuguese of a kind is spoken by the adults, yet among themselves they only use their own ancient tribal tongue, which is quite dissimilar in form to the language of the Carajás of the Araguaya, mentioned in the concluding chapter. There is, however, a great similarity between the languages in their soft musical tones and

THE MARKET PLACE, GARANHUNS, N.W. BRAZIL

The author has made this town his headquarters, it being a convenient centre from which to travel all round. The building with steeple on the left is the Protestant Church

A PUBLIC GARDEN IN RECIFE

accent. For purposes of comparison, here follow a few words of both languages:

	CARIJÓ.	CARAJÁ.
Rain,	.. Flootee-a,	.. Bei-yew.
Water,	.. Oy-yar,	.. Bei-é.
Pretty,	.. Lee-Lee-chee,	.. Ah-wee-díri.
White-man,	Claí, ..	.. Torí.
Stone,	.. Forá, ..	.. Maná.
Pipe,	.. O-si-á,	.. Arri-có-có.
Dog,	.. It-tho, ..	.. Karosá.
Farinha,	Quitiá,	.. Canodé.

Though differing considerably in their dialects, there still remains much similarity in their personal appearance and in many of their customs—good or bad. Though without the very romantic surroundings of the Carajás, they are an attractive and lovable people, in spite of their many defects.

Their religion is as ancient as their language, but is of a very terrible kind, and but one of the multi-forms of Spiritism, found all the world over. Most of the adults have familiar spirits, some have several, and these demons have the greatest influence and power over the Indians, who think that the strange and wonderful voices,

and the supernatural manifestations of a physical character are the work of God. The Indian dare do nothing without the consent of these demons, who can do them great bodily evil if they rebel, or attempt to escape from their tribe. The chief of the mediums are women, and every year a special conference with these spirits is held in the heart of the forest, from which the white man has ever been banned, under risk of bodily harm or death, so jealous are they of their dread secrets. This gathering of the tribe is called the Uricury, and no Indian dare absent himself from this occasion, which lasts for a month and more. The demons speak in eloquent tones, preach a morality of a kind, and say they believe in God, but the name of Jesus Christ is never heard, or anything appertaining to the Good News. Like their kin religion of Los Angeles, they have the gift of tongues, and the demons only speak in Carijó. Pretty well every vice is condoned, and the moral standard is very low indeed. The spirits also consent to their being good Catholics, but have put a ban upon our own gatherings,

which has been intensified since the conversion of a man and his son from among these people. Several years ago we held well-attended Gospel meetings from time to time, in the home of the vice-chief, and a good impression was created. I overheard one old Indian telling his companions that we were not Brazilians, but belonged to the "Royal Race," which, whatever that meant, certainly seemed to raise us greatly in their esteem. We also started a school in their village, which was most successful, but now, since the conversions referred to, this has changed, and we have very uphill work, but many of the young men of the tribe seem in our favour. The tribe numbers about eight hundred souls, though a few of the young folk seem to break away from time to time. It is noteworthy that the spirits have no power whatever over a converted Indian.

A short time ago Gillanders and I drove into Aguas Bellas, where I was received with every courtesy and consideration by the new Government inspector, who is a real friend of the Redskins. We spent the

best part of a day together, while he drove me out to different works going forward in benefit of the Indians. A fine dam had been already constructed for irrigation purposes, while another was under way on a large goat farm now being prepared on modern lines, and which is likely to become a great source of employment and profit for these Indians. During our extensive rounds the inspector revealed to me the secret and mysterious forest site of the Uricury—scene of the annual gathering of the Carijós—where devil-worship is said to be maintained. Of course, we found the spot desolate and abandoned, or I should never have been permitted to go near it, and even so some risk was involved.

Thanks to the new order of things, their lands have been partially restored to these Redskins, and a new era of justice and prosperity is opening up in many ways. Two good schools are to replace the old ineffectual ones, which were only devised as a set off to our own prosperous school under Donna Beatriz. Begging has been officially prohibited, since any excuse for

it has now been removed, but this is a very difficult discipline for the Redskin's mind, as everybody knows.

Thus the ancient oppression and poverty of these Indians may soon become a thing of the past, and the Carijó will "find his place in the sun." Already a great change is visible, and the young men of the place look smarter and more hopeful. To my joy I heard one of them say to Laurencio, "Yes, I have been paying attention to these things (referring to the Gospel), and, like me, there are many others."

On the third day of our visit we held a fine open-air meeting in the centre of the village, and nearly all the Carijós were present.

Part of the meeting was to be a lantern display, with the willing consent of the inspector; but the difficulty was to find a suitable wall for the pictures, as, until the new houses are built, the place is only a collection of huts and hovels, some of them only of palm leaves. There was, however, the newly whitewashed Roman Catholic chapel, lately built by a notorious priest,

who has long been the worst enemy of the Gospel in all the country around, and now seeks to shut out the light from the Carijós.

"As that Catholic chapel is built in the Indians' reserve, I suppose it really belongs to them?" I casually remarked to the inspector.

"Well, yes, I imagine that is so," he replied.

"In that case there could be no objection to my using its outside wall for my lantern lecture?" I queried.

"Oh, none at all," said he, and at that I left it. For evident reasons we kept the matter quiet until the hour of the meeting, and then we drove up to the chapel and quickly put up our apparatus ready for the pictures to appear on the fine clean wall of the same.

To avoid discussion and to keep eye and ear employed, we lit up our 200 candle-power petrol lamp and started a meeting, while the Indians gathered round, and our singing soon drew a large friendly crowd, who also listened quietly to my short address, as I warned them that material improvements

were of little avail unless they were trusting in Jesus Christ and His great gift. I addressed them in Portuguese, which most of them understand.

Then came the lantern, with its big 9 ft. projections; and never did the pictures look brighter or better than on the walls of that Roman Catholic Church. What an attractive scene they made, with the bright moon shining over all, but leaving our wall in the shade; and how thoroughly the Redskins enjoyed themselves—but not more so than did Gillanders and I. When I showed them pictures of their brethren the Carajá Indians of the Bananal Island, their delight and satisfaction was most infectious, and pretty well everybody had something to say. After photographs of this and other tribes in Brazil, I told them I should now show them descendants of their forefathers, and views of their very ancient empire and capital, where once they had lived in peace and prosperity, with a good emperor and wise princes to govern them.

When the pictures of the Quechua Indians of Peru followed, a subdued air of intense

excitement fell on our strange audience, now numbering five hundred Indians or more, and visions of a great and glorious past must have thrilled many a young Redskin, especially when I showed them a fine picture of Cusco, their hereditary home in the Andes.

It was not all about Indians, however, but some attractive slides of English railway trains provoked much amazement, and views of my own city of London, with St. Paul's Cathedral, where the Bible is read two or three times a day in the ears of the people. There were also natural history pictures for the children, and never did the lion look so fierce and realistic!

A few carefully chosen scenes from "Pilgrim's Progress" followed, and quietly the Indians listened to the explanations, seeming to understand what was signified, and solemnly wagging their heads in sympathy.

One or two pictures from the Old Testament concluded this part of the programme, and then our beloved Senhor Laurencio stood up against the wall of the chapel and addressed the great assembly. He spoke

CARIJÓ INDIANS

A joy ride in a Ford motor car

AN AVIARY IN PARÁ

well and impressively, but the meeting had already been protracted, and those who had been standing so long showed some signs of dispersal, which was very undesirable; but I had an inspiration! In my case I had several chromoscope slides, so, dimming my lantern considerably, I managed to throw a very faint, but attractive-looking little star on the wall, just above the speaker's head. The exodus ceased at once; it looked rather like a miracle, and Laurencio had close attention to the end. Then the star burst forth into full splendour and action—and our meeting ended.

CHAPTER X

Cleaning Up

CR—UNCH! Bang!—and the car made a shuddering stop. Our longsuffering Ford had kicked at last, and smashed all her back gearing.

We looked at each other in dismay, for it was soon clear that our well-laid plans would need radical revision ere the next bill was paid.

We had just climbed over the big divide which separates the states of Pernambuco and Alagoas, and the going had been rather heavy, but this was more than we had counted on. It was certainly disconcerting, but there was nothing for it but to put our best faces to the situation, and search for a friendly mechanic and new cog wheels. Fortunately, the latter were available, and the former was not far off, though he took over a day in cleaning up the situation

robbing us badly in the process I fear, which made the proposed modification of plans imperative, for gasoline is an expensive liquid in Brazil.

Now the town where our misadventure occurred is called Quebrangulo (broken corner-stone), and there we found a small Presbyterian congregation, who seemed to have rather vagarious views on the doctrine of the forgiveness of sins; so two days later, while our car was being patched up, I preached on the subject and sought to clean up their ideas of this corner-stone of Truth.

Once more we were ready for the road, but instead of making the long round of colportage through Alagoas as projected, we felt it might be best to concentrate on a brief preaching campaign in a large sugar plantation ten miles away, and thither we went. Our arrival caused great surprise, and, unfortunately it seemed, the farmer-owner of the plantation and sugar mill was away. Now, I had the privilege of being this farmer's father in God ten years before, so that I felt I could make pretty free with

such a situation, and three hours after our arrival we had a splendid and most inspiring meeting among three or four hundred of the farm and mill hands.

Next day we continued the cleaning-up process. The man had built a little Gospel chapel facing his house on the highroad, but with nothing to indicate its purpose to the many passers by. The walls inside were bare of Scripture texts also. This needed reformation, so we managed to make some kind of paint, and inscribed across the front of the building the words, "Casa do Oracão" (House of Prayer), in artistic style, "while all the world wondered." Then we painted three large wall texts on the bare interior walls. My son Fred was the chief artist. After this I turned my attention to the farmer's book case. The windows badly needed cleaning; one could hardly see the contents, and I found a still greater need to make a careful survey of the contents. Among these I found some queer books, some of a Sabbathist character, whose sting I was able to remove with my penknife—just a section or two sufficed; but several I

felt bound to clear out all together—they simply disappeared!

That night we had another splendid meeting of two hours' duration. During the service I earnestly sought to clean up some slack ideas prevalent concerning the Lord's Day, the sale of intoxicating drinks, the use of tobacco, and the modern fashions of the women, not omitting to remark on the perils that await the shorn female.

Next day the farmer himself arrived, and I felt rather anxious as to how he would view the cleaning-up process. He was certainly surprised, but was honestly delighted to see me. He approved of the texts, and I soon persuaded him that I had really improved his book case. He also promised to end the wine-selling, and I am sure that Giant Tobacco got a very grave wound.

The little Gospel chapel was more than crowded out on that third night, and our big, burly farmer friend could hardly get a seat himself. The Spirit of God was present, and the silent attention from young and old was most impressive.

Yet another meeting was held in the church of the "broken corner-stone," and we were soon on our homeward journey over the hills again, and Rod was shortly afterwards at work cleaning up the old car ready for our next adventure abroad.

Thus God ever causes all things to work together for good, and though we did not sell as many Bibles as we had hoped to do, yet many Scriptures were sold, and our labours proved "not in vain in the Lord."

CHAPTER XI

Darkest Amazonia

LEAVING his small farmstead in the drought-cursed lands of Ceará, young Antão Pessoa set out for the port of Pará, at the mouth of the River Amazon, in search of the El-Dorado of his visions—the great rubber lands of the upper river, where fortunes were to be made with ease, and where life held the enchantments of adventure, hazard, and discovery. He fully expected to return to his home and aged parents within a few years as a wealthy man and a landowner, for he feared God and was a "good" Catholic.

Pará is a fine, picturesque city of about 200,000 inhabitants, where it rains every day, and where consequently the glories of equatorial vegetation and insect life are seen at their best—and worst. The flora and fauna of the mighty Amazon are without equal in their variety and beauty, a veritable

naturalist's paradise, but the curse which fell on Eden, here also has its sign and seal. Full of unimaginable wonders and awe-inspiring in its vast extent, yet cruel and merciless, "red in tooth and claw," are the dark forests of Amazonia. Its dense and untracked forests have swallowed up many a fine man that has incautiously ventured to penetrate its mysteries; and many a well-equipped expedition, too, has there been lost for ever. Perils from savage, untamed Indians, who resent the "pale-face" intruders, are not the least of its hidden dangers. Perils of sudden death from unsuspected snake, prowling jaguar, or poison spider, from the terrible sting-ray, the electric eel and cannibal fish (Piranha), or from that bit of driftwood that seems to float so idly down the river, but generally in your direction, and which but hides the hideous form of some designing twelve-foot cayman—all these confront the average explorer in these regions. There was another greater peril yet that Antão was soon to prove: that of cruel, conscienceless men, who seek to exploit the bodies and souls of

THE PORT OF MANAOS

THE CUSTOM HOUSE, MANAOS

their fellow men. Hidden away from the great river and its mighty tributaries, from the splendid river craft that thread its maze of waters, and often hidden from the Government itself, are haunts of brutal slavery and crime, from which there is no escape. Woe betide the unsuspecting victim, Brazilian or Britisher, who falls into the toils of these human spiders!

Antão had walked the streets several days in a vain search for employment, and funds were low. Work, and work of any kind, was imperative.

"Hullo, camarada! Looking for a job, eh?" Antão found himself thus accosted by a striking-looking and well-dressed individual in top boots and with a wide sombrero hat. A very fancy-looking pistol stuck in his belt, with a suspicion of other such weapons about his person. A very attractive and desirable sort of friend he appeared to Antão. This good opinion was confirmed when the man of the big hat opened up before him a proposal which seemed to promise fame and fortune. He heard of a lovely rubber estate "somewhere" up the

Amazon, where work was as plentiful as there was gold to pay for it, and where there was unlimited fishing, hunting, and similar joys—for Antão was a sportsman. Money would be advanced to cover his fare and expenses, and provide him with an outfit of tools, clothes, and the indispensable rifle.

Highly elated at such golden prospects, Antão thoroughly enjoyed the first thousand miles of travel up the Amazon to the big rubber city of Manaos, finding in his company another dozen or so young men who had also been beguiled by the fair words of the man with the big sombrero hat.

A few days were spent in that city, where vice and crime abound, and where white rum and other devilments considerably reduced the general balance in hand, and then they were all packed on board a tiny river boat and continued their long journey up the muddy waters of the Solomões, as the river is called above Manaos. After a week or two of this uncomfortable travel on one of the largest tributaries, they were again transferred into several dug-out canoes, and entering a narrower and darker river—

the Japurá—they toiled upstream at the rate of about twenty miles a day. It was hard, heavy work, and not quite what they had expected, but Antão and his mates consoled themselves by thoughts of the good time coming and the wealth soon to be theirs. For several weeks they laboured against the heavy current, through dense, dark forests, seemingly destitute of inhabitants, and whose thick foliage sometimes met overhead and seemed to enclose them in its sinister embrace. The warm, damp atmosphere, charged with the fumes of rotting vegetation, is enervating and oppressive, and Antão's bright vision began to dim.

At last, on a hut appearing away upstream on the river's bank, one of the Indian boatmen blew a horn, It was the "barracão" of the rubber lord of the region, just as I saw it myself a few years ago : a crude building on high piles to clear the floods, and made of split palms and rough logs, with a roof of palm leaf thatch.

As the canoes drew up at a kind of crude wharf facing the unattractive barracão, a motley crowd of human scarecrows gathered

round to witness the arrival of the new-comers. Victims of hunger, disease, and drink they were, an awesome and a most unhappy looking lot of men, with not a woman among them. It seemed to Antão to be a very cheerless kind of welcome, and fear struck his heart when one of the men, in reply to some optimistic remark, looked at him in commiseration, and said, "Ah, you will soon forget those fairy tales, as I did ten years ago, for you will never leave here again! No one ever has done so, or ever will get away alive!" Antão had virtually sold himself into slavery.

Rubber can only be extracted during the rains, and from this limited period, some weeks, and often months, must also be deducted for the lost days of ever present fever; so that far from ever paying back the advanced £50, the victims only increase the debt, for when workless and sick, food and drugs had to be provided to keep the slave alive, so that the debt was never overtaken. Escape was wellnigh impossible, for the only way was down the river, and a well-manned and well-armed crew of Indians

soon overtook any attempt in that direction. Escape through the dense forests meant certain death from hunger, wild beasts, or wilder Indians—as many an unhappy wretch had discovered to his cost.

Such a prospect might well have dismayed a stouter heart than Antão possessed, but he was never a man to give way to despair, nor did he lack courage and resource. There and then he knit himself together, and resolved to pay the debt and to escape the entangling web at all costs.

At once he cut out every luxury and vice, for these things meant further bondage. Sugar and coffee and other such things were banned, and he resolved to keep clear of the ever available white rum. He even denied himself his beloved tobacco. During the rainy season, when rubber is extracted, day after day he tramped over his long, damp forest trails in search of rubber trees in the section of forest allotted to him; until he had mapped out twenty miles and more of pathways, zigzagging here and there from tree to tree. Month after month he tramped those lonely paths, with his

big tin for the rubber milk, a scoring knife, and the necessary rifle. Indians were ever present, though unseen, and sometimes Antão would find one of his newly opened paths had been lightly barred with a few crossed sticks. It was an intimation from the unseen Redskins that he must penetrate no further in that direction, and he knew better than to ignore the warning! When the rains ceased, instead of lying idly in his hammock like the other men, Antão was out with his axe cutting firewood for sale to any passing steam craft, or doing little odd jobs for the boss, with whom he was soon in high favour, so that he was even entrusted with a canoe for his own use. Happily he kept well, and never had to buy on credit, as his companions invariably had to do.

A year or two passed, and although Antão was no mathematician, and the account books in the "barracão" were never balanced, he felt that his freedom must have been nearly purchased; though he dare not mention the matter yet, especially as the boss at that time was furious at the loss of several

men who, after long absence, had been found murdered on their trails. They had ignored the Redskins' warning through bravado or carelessness, and had paid the price. A further loss of one of his rubber

slaves decided the boss on a dreadful retaliation. Gathering some of his men together, and with his own band of trusted Indians as a guarantee, he marched through the forest along those phantom trails, guided by one of his Redskins.

For the best part of a week they travelled

a tortuous course through the Amazonian forest until they found the sought for village of the suspected Indians. The place was surrounded without arousing the inhabitants, until they commenced their fusilade. Few Indians escaped, and the rest, both men, women, and children, were massacred in cold blood.

Though he managed to avoid participation in this barbarous business, it filled Antão with indignation and fear, and he redoubled his efforts to throw off the yoke that held him. One night he forgot to chain and padlock his canoe as usual, and it was stolen by three of his fellow slaves, who sought to escape downstream by that means. For certain reasons Antão had no sympathy with them. It also endangered the good-will of the boss, which had been acquired so laboriously, and he would have to pay heavily for the lost canoe. The barracão was 20 miles away, but cutting his way through the forests and swamps, and swimming the rivers and lakes which intervened, he finally carried news of the escape to head-quarters. The runaways had had three

days' start towards liberty, when a well-manned canoe, with a dozen armed Indians, set out in pursuit. Six days later they overtook the fugitives, taking them quite by surprise as they rested on a sandbank. Loaded with ignominy and shame, they were pushed into the big canoe, paddles were thrust into their hands, and they were urged on unceasingly as they worked their way back to a hopeless captivity.

* * * * *

Three years had now passed by since Antão had been snared by the gentleman of the big sombrero, when one day, when Antão happened to be near the barracão, there was a scene of some excitement owing to the arrival of a Government launch travelling up the river to establish a frontier station on the same, with the neighbouring Republic of Columbia. There were some half-dozen officials and a score of sailors in the party, but the chief officer was looking out for one or two more men to strengthen the force under his command. Good money and great privileges were offered, but nobody was forthcoming—for all were in debt. He

could have the pick of his men, if he paid their debts—the boss declared, for well he knew that this price was too great, and besides, the Brazilian Government does not favour this form of slavery, however much they tolerated it.

Here was a chance for Antão, and pushing himself in front of the crowd, he asked if he would do. Eyeing him up and down, the Brazilian officer was attracted by his fine physique and smart appearance, and demanded the boss to show how much he owed. Very loathfully, the latter was compelled to produce his books, and lo and behold! Antão was a free man, and with a nice little sum on the credit side to boot!

Wild as he felt to lose such a man, his old master felt compelled to bear testimony to the faithfulness and good character of his late slave. The old contract was soon annulled, and the new one signed and sealed, and off went the Government boat, leaving Antão to gather his few scattered possessions, sell up the rubber he had on hand, and follow on upstream to the newly-formed station. And so he bade farewell to slavery,

to the great astonishment of his late companions, and set off on his new venture. His purchased canoe was a poor affair, and he could hardly keep it afloat, the river's bottom being clearly visible through a hole in the same, and the perils from crocodiles and other beasts were many and real ere he finally reached his new home some days later.

Here he had an easy, comfortable life, in vivid contrast to the past three years of torment, and he could now hunt and fish to his heart's content, one of his duties being the provisioning of the station with fish, turtles, cow-fish, and any forest delicacies available.

One day he set out with his gun to explore a new section of the forest, some hours' journey by canoe and foot. Here he found sport, and wandered incautiously farther and yet farther from his canoe into the enclosing forest. When he tried to retrace his steps, he soon found to his horror that he had lost his trail. Turning here and there, he walked miles in each direction, hoping to come across some sign he might

recognise, but his efforts were in vain, and he became more and more involved in the denser forest, and soon lost his sense of direction. Night overtaking him, he climbed up a big tree to pass the night in its branches, to escape the perils that stalk in darkness. He was not without hopes of escaping, for he still had his gun, and he looked forward hopefully to the coming daylight to recommence his search for a way out. In this uncomfortable situation, however, there was no rest for the poor fellow, for several times a prowling jaguar sniffed suspiciously around the base of his tree, but happily did not look up. Then it began to rain, and soon he was drenched and cold, and hungry, too, and oh, calamity of calamities!—with the wet his ammunition was spoiled and useless. All next day he wandered through the forest wherever he could penetrate, with only a few wild berries by way of food, and again he had to spend a night in a tall tree top, fastening himself in the forks of the branches, so that he should not fall if he dozed too much.

The third day found his strength fast

failing him, but still he tried to crawl through the forest here and there as fancy led him, only to find his way back to the spot he had left hours before. Late that afternoon he thought he heard a gunshot away over the tree tops. It was some of his companions who had been sent out to look for the lost man. There is a regular code among hunters by which signals can be made by gunshot, and intelligible replies received, but he could not reply as his ammunition was wet, and it was impossible to tell the direction of the sound. However, he passed the third night more hopefully among the branches.

Next day he anxiously listened for hours for some signal from his searching companions, and again he heard that distant gunshot above the tree tops, but without locating the direction, and it looked as if he were going to die within sound of deliverance.

Then he had an inspiration, and detaching his rifle barrel from the stock, and painfully climbing the tallest of the surrounding trees, he used the barrel as a kind of bugle, and

managed to make a long-drawn-out, high-pitched note which sounded away across the forest. Then anxiously—how anxiously!—he waited a response. He had not long to wait, for to his great joy another gunshot sounded, and so much nearer to hand, that he was able to get his direction at last, and make his way towards his rescuers. Several signals were exchanged, and at last he found himself on the river bank again, and soon after was discovered by the search party and carried home, very limp and a bit scared, but otherwise none the worse for an adventure which might easily have cost him his life.

The next event of importance in his history took place a few weeks later, when, with one companion, in a dug-out with a few Bibles on board, I pulled up at this frontier station and asked for their hospitality while I waited for the arrival of the steam launch to take me down to Manaos. We had just concluded a very disappointing journey of investigation of the Indian tribes of that region. For what happened on the occasion, and just what the after results

were for Antão, I must refer my readers to my previous book, "Adventures with the Bible in Brazil," where a full account will be found, to which I can add but little.

Let it suffice to say that during a series of meetings I held among his sailor colleagues Antão was converted and became an avid reader of the Bible. Soon after I had set off down stream to Manaos, *en route* for London, Antão started a school among the sailors, and taught eight of them to read the Bible, including a fine young Indian, and several of these men were eventually converted also. I kept in touch with him, supplying him with school books and Scriptures, and several years later he joined me in Maceió, and soon became the best colporteur in North Brazil, and a great soul-winner. Many a long journey we have made together throughout Brazil, and many have been the adventures and perils this lion-hearted man has cheerfully faced for Christ's sake, which might not have been but for that hard preparation and testing time among the rubber slaves of the upper Amazon.

Chapter XII

Antão's New Vocation

For several years after his conversion in the forests of the upper Amazon, Antão continued to serve the Brazilian Government on the Colombian frontier station, bearing faithful witness to his new-found faith. At last his time expired, and he made the long trip down the river, and then the equally long journey to his old home away back in Parahyba.

His arrival made a great sensation, not alone on account of his wonderful experiences and troubles, but still more so because of the new religion he began to preach among his townsfolk. Some listened sympathetically, while others mocked—the same old story, but Antão was full of enthusiasm, and his sincerity was too transparent for any to doubt the reality of his faith. The local priest, after several

attempts to confound him, retired from combat with a man who knew too much of the Bible for him.

After a year or two of farming he made me a visit in Maceió, and I persuaded him to

try his success in Bible work, and very timidly he made his first attempt. He made rapid progress, and soon I was able to send him far afield, and alone he visited the fanatical city of Correntes. He arrived on market day, and started selling Gospels among the country folk. All at once the

town priest appeared with a crowd of armed men behind him, and started denouncing the colporteur as an enemy of the Church and of Jesus and the Virgin. Antão endeavoured to hold his own, but the priest was furious, and struck him several times on the head with the stick he carried, while the crowd demanded their money back, and threw the little books at his feet. Emboldened in his malice, the priest snatched his bag of books from his hand and tore the contents into a thousand pieces, while Antão narrowly escaped lynching. Only the grace of God prevented him giving the priest a good hiding, which he was well able to do, but he suffered all this indignity with patience. Nevertheless, he visited the local authority to protest against the outrage. While he was thus engaged the priest called a few of his special friends, and mounting their animals they rode out to the farm-house a mile away, where Antão was staying, and where he had his stock of books for the whole journey. Bursting open his locked boxes, the priest piled up the books in the road and made a bonfire of them all.

This proved too much even for the semi-compliant authorities, who began to fear the probable consequences of this breach of the constitution, and calling Antão, they said he had the right to have the priest imprisoned and heavily fined. This Antão refused to agree to, and to the surprise of the town magistrate he read them words about forgiving and loving your enemies, and all he could be persuaded to accept was the bare value of the burnt Bibles. The priest had a great fright with all this, and so completely lost his authority and the respect of the people, that he speedily moved to another town, and whenever one of our colporteurs passes that way, as Antão has done several times, he looks in another direction and has not a word to say, while in the city of Correntes there is now a very promising Gospel mission station.

Here and there in the remoter parts of these northern regions there are little communities of Christians who received their first light from the ex-rubber slave. In one place he sold a Bible to a man who had been first interested through reading

a Testament lent by a woman who did not believe in it. The Word of God and the testimony of Antão made the man a believer; the first in all that part of Brazil. Then he in turn brought his cousin to the Lord, who was finally convinced of the truth by reading an approved Catholic Bible. Together the cousins preached the Gospel to their friends, and so very many began to turn to the Lord that they decided to send for a preacher, a Mr. Briault, living in a town three hundred miles away, who, arriving in his battered old Ford, with his wife, were soon in the midst of a real spiritual awakening among all classes, one of the new converts being a brother of the State President.

Amidst all this movement and salvation the woman who had started the fire with her New Testament remained hard and bitter in her opposition, and when her own husband was converted she was indignant, and openly declared she would oppose him to the last ditch. One day, while she was letting off her spleen against the husband, the brother of the President entered the

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ANTAO SPENDS THE NIGHT IN A TREE TOP

ANTAO WITH HIS WIFE AND MOTHER

house, and hearing her conversation, reproved her severely, while drawing out his beloved little New Testament, and turning to Ephesians 6 he read to her of the duties of wives to their husbands. The effect was instant and remarkable, for she there and then gave up the fight and surrendered to the Truth. She went home to tell her very astonished husband that she was now a believer in Jesus, and that from then on the Gospel should be preached in their home. She also sent him out at once to invite all the believers in the countryside to a thanksgiving feast, while she got busily to work preparing the victuals. And so the good work went on among young and old, and those who were most in opposition generally became the best fruit of all. One very old lady was in great distress to see her children all becoming converted, but attracted by the singing she, too, went to listen afar off to the beautiful Portuguese hymns. Then one day a stranger visited her little house, and as he talked, drew her attention to the picture on her wall—The Sacred Heart of Jesus—pointing out that though it had

mouth, ears, eyes, and nose, it could not use them; it was merely a piece of paper, and had no power. As they continued to converse the blessed truths of the Gospel began to enter her heart, and when her nephew came in a little later she exclaimed, "It is only now I am beginning to understand something of the Gospel; the pastor spoke so beautifully to me just now!"

"That was not the pastor," said he; "that was his chauffeur."

"Well, well, if the chauffeur talks like that, what must the pastor be like?"

After that she began to attend the meetings, and one day, after the hymn, "Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling," had been sung, she cried out, "Pastor, sing that hymn again!" This they gladly did, and at the close she said, "I am now a believer in Jesus." Since then her bright face and clear testimony has had a powerful influence on her Catholic neighbours, who have dubbed her "Queen of the Believers."

Antão has made many a visit to this place since he sold that first Bible, and nobody is better loved and welcomed. All this

information was given me by Mr. Gillanders, who became Antão's companion for very many a long mile together through the wilds of Brazil. One day the latter wrote me the following interesting account of their travels with the troop.

"We have just completed—Antão and I—another colportage journey on the borderland of Parahyba and Pernambuco, nearly 300 miles of our path being through a region where Romanism and Mariolatry hold sway practically unchallenged, with scarcely five believing souls in all the countryside. Electric light, tramways, picture shows, and merry-go-rounds—but of the Gospel of Christ, nothing.

"Yet people are willing to receive the Gospel message, if only we bring it to them. In Pesqueira, a place noted for its religiousness, with its convent, bishop, and half-a-dozen great churches, and its people—as an old man said—"most holy and most perverse," we were received well by the majority; and many bought Scriptures. Entering, however, the office of a great jam factory, which practically supports the

bishop, I encountered a broadside of abuse and ridicule such as I have rarely faced.

"On the other hand, in a field where the foundations of a great convent were being laid, I sold a number of Bibles, New Testaments, and Gospels to the foreman and labourers, but as usual Antão had the best sales.

"In a quiet, sleepy little village called Villa de Cimbre, we had scarcely begun our work, and I was sitting reading out of God's Word in the house of a kindly old man, when suddenly an apparition appeared in the doorway—a monk in Franciscan garb, with long, flowing beard and skull cap, and close behind him a crowd of men, women, and children. With a distinctly foreign accent he commanded me not to sell my Protestant books there, and proceeded to miscall the Bibles and Testaments, and to denounce Protestantism and Luther, whom he described as a most evil man.

"Thereupon those who had bought books returned them and demanded their money, and I was asked by the old man, at the instigation of the priest, to depart, which

I did, and commenced to read from the Word to the villagers in the street, in spite of the padre's warning.

"The sale of books now seemed hopeless, but we proceeded. I was kindly received in one house, given coffee, and listened to with courtesy, even though the man of the house is a seller of rosaries. From door to door and shop to shop I went, ever followed by the crowd, flat refusal being always the only answer, until one shopkeeper, a veritable John Hampden he looked, in the face of the crowd and his wife's angry denunciation that she would surely burn the book, bought a New Testament.

"We had a splendid little Gospel meeting one night in a 'mud' house, secluded from a village where we had laboured during the day. There were present a Christian couple from the village, the members of the household, one young lady strongly pro-Catholic, yet intelligent and kindly disposed, and the chief man of the place, a humble old gentleman who had read much of the Bible, lent to him by this Christian couple. The hymns, the wonderful Word, Antão's apt message,

and the simple prayers, all so different to what most of them have been used to, made a deep impression upon them.

"The old gentleman came in the morning to see us off, and as we rode away said, 'Do not forget to pray for the old man. Remember him in your prayers.'

"In St. Joseph of Egypt we had canvassed a fair part of the town and sold a number of books, but as I was offering a book to a boy in a shop, a voice at my shoulder said, 'What are these books you are selling?' and I was startled to find a big padre at my back, with a crowd filling the shop.

"He denounced the books as heretical, and when I presented him with a Catholic edition, he said that we put one good book among the bad to deceive the people, and afterwards said it also was false. In the end he told me to get out of the town or, if not, he would take a stick to me.

"After visiting a few more houses, followed by a mob of boys hissing, and even spitting, I turned my steps homeward in the gathering dusk, and had passed on round the corner of a street when a soldier came up with me

saying the police delegate wished to see me.

"He was awaiting my arrival at the top of the street, and the crowd was gathering. To my surprise he turned on them and warned them that they would get a taste of rifle fire if there was any more nonsense. Turning to me, he assured me I was perfectly free to sell my books. I thanked him and he wished me good night.

"Leaving early next morning, we reached a neighbouring village by midday, and offered our books in the fair and from house to house; and lo! almost every one was eager to see and buy the books that had roused the padre's ire, while in the hotel where we stayed a big crowd gathered that night to hear the Gospel. Thus God made even the wrath of man to praise Him."

At the time of writing, Antão and Gillanders are engaged in the longest mule back journey we have undertaken, covering no less than three thousand miles, S.S.W., right down through the centre of this great Republic to the capital city of Rio de Janeiro, passing through Goyaz city *en route*. They have been over six months travelling,

part of the time through uninhabited or Indian infested regions, with little food for men or beasts, and too often scourged by the prevailing fevers in the valleys of the S. Francisco and Tocantins. With all this they are not downhearted, for they have been enabled to preach the Gospel in many a new centre, and to scatter the Word of God freely by the wayside. So I take my hat off to the individual with the big sombrero hat with his guileful ways, for he was indirectly the means of giving us so very brave and valuable a soldier of Jesus Christ as is Antão Pessoa.

CHAPTER XIII

The Lost Tribes of South America

THE Incas of Western South America were once a very powerful empire of many millions of a race, noble in form and mind, free and upstanding; forming a huge commonwealth, extending from Colombia to Southern Chile. They were justly proud of their great rulers—the famous "Children of the Son"—of ancient and mysterious lineage, and of real personal charm and dignity, yet who also knew how to govern with justice and benevolence, and how to cultivate the arts of peace.

Their splendid palaces, halls, and temples were raised up high against the heavens, massive stone upon stone, so faultlessly fitted to its fellow that they yet defy the ravages of time, and to-day excite the wonder and envy of our master builders.

Their populous cities were adorned with

lovely gardens and artificial lakes. Terrace above terrace brilliant with flowers and foliage, bright with the glad cries of happy children and the sound of fairy waters.

The contented peasantry were industrious and prosperous. Valiant in defence of their prince in time of war, and abiding under a beneficent and just administration of the law.

A wonderful picture of a wonderful people, with a setting which displayed a magnificence and wealth, coupled with a wise government, that might well recall the days of Solomon.

Four hundred years ago there came a sudden and terrible change. There arrived a band of foreign armed men. Strangely attractive in appearance they were, but with subtle and cruel hearts. The Incas were fascinated and bewildered like a flock of sheep. Foul cunning and duplicity, and the deep-dyed treachery of the Spanish commander Pizarro, supported by his monks and friars, soon changed the scene, and this noble race were shamefully betrayed into destruction, poverty, and slavery, and all that is left to-day of their past glory

are the hundreds of isolated tribes which inhabit Peru, Bolivia, Colombia, and the great Brazilian Amazonia, some of whom are wild and indomitable savages, and a few are cannibals. The remnants in Bolivia number about a million debased, exploited, and poverty-stricken Indians, who are a disgrace to our common humanity. In Peru there yet remain about two million of the same race, known to-day as the Quechua and Aymará Indians, who, though not savages or cannibals, yet are little better than degraded serfs, without light and without hope. This is equally true of other scattered sections of the once proud empire of the Incas, who are yet to be found in nearly all the Republics of South America under one name or another.

In seeking to fulfil our Master's great command to preach the Gospel to every creature, we certainly have looked after ourselves, and lavished of our very best on the great white race. We have given of our sons and daughters to the needs of darkest Africa; the black man has not been forgotten. We have poured out our treasure

on behalf of the yellow millions of China and Japan, and the brown men of India have had a few of our finest missionaries. But what have we done for the fifth great division of humanity? What have we done for the Redskin—the great forgotten race?

At once such names as David Brainerd and Allen Gardiner may rush to the mind. Great and noble men, who gallantly gave their lives for the redskin, but without living to see the results of their prayers and tears. The very tribes they sought to reach have now been exterminated. Who follows in their train?

An Australian Mission for many years has been making a brave and uphill attempt to reach the Bolivian Indians for Christ. The Heart of Amazonia Mission has launched out some thirty precious young lives into the vast, dense, and perilous region of the Brazilian Amazon, to face a life of privation and suffering that few can long survive, in an apostolic attempt to reach some of these forgotten peoples for Christ and eternity. The Union with which the writer is connected has for some years conducted a

large farm of territorial area, where the Quechua Indian may find the much needed protection from wrong, and where many learn to work honourably and are taught to read and write. An orphanage cares for their children, the Gospel is preached to them daily, and quite a few have been won for Christ. There is also the Anglican Mission in the Paraguayan Chaco, among several small communities of Redskins, where much good work has been done, besides the efforts of a few individual missionaries here and there over the vast continent.

But all these efforts only begin to touch the fringe of the great problem of reaching this forgotten race with the Good News.

Many years ago my attention was drawn to one of these scattered tribes who are to be found along the banks of the Araguaya River, one of the largest and most beautiful of rivers, running almost due south to north through Central Brazil, debouching into the mouth of the Amazon at Pará.

Odidi, a Carajá Indian, had come to Goyaz city on a visit, with several other redskins, all in their natural state—without clothing

of any kind. They had come out of their wilds to see something of the wonderful world they had heard of, and to them the very primitive and rather rude and rustic capital of Goyaz was a marvel of the pale-face. They also wanted to see the Tauri's "iron horse with its belly of fire and its round legs of iron," as they called it; but this was yet too far away. We clothed them as far as decency demanded, and gave them such a warm welcome generally that Odidi gave us to understand that he wished to stay on with us, to "improve himself," as he put it, the others returning to their riverside huts far away. He cut his long hair, donned my cast-offs, and took up his residence with us, calling me "father." Rapidly he learnt to read and write, though he spoke very little Portuguese. His efforts to abandon the tobacco habit were very pathetic, and sometimes he would disappear into the forest for a week at a time, and then come back very pale and sickly looking, and reeking with the smell of the subtle and perilous weed. He eventually gained the mastery over the evil vice.

Nearly a year after his arrival I set out on my long prepared for voyage of exploration among Odidi's people, the Carajá Indians, and travelling with him on horseback we traversed the hundred and twenty miles to the little port of Leopoldina to Araguaya. Here large and interesting open-air meetings were held, the hearers showing great satisfaction on hearing the Good News. I managed to purchase a rather old twenty-five foot igarité canoe, hollowed out of one log, with its sides raised by two rows of boards, with a small platform at each end. It is propelled by two or three single-bladed paddles, and by long poles in the shallows. My crew consisted of an old deaf half-caste named Sylverio, and his son, a lad of about thirteen, accompanied by their dog, and Odidi. Our boat was well loaded down with food and necessaries for a long voyage, over half a ton in weight, although we depended upon fish and turtles supplying the greater part of our larder. Then followed the most interesting and important journey, very briefly related in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIV

On the Araguaya

A LITTLE group stood at the water's edge to witness the departure of our canoe and to wish us a "feliz viagem" (good voyage), and I felt a thrill of satisfaction when a turn in the stream hid Leopoldina from sight, and there stretched before us the solitary grandeur of this splendid river. Even at this tremendous distance from the sea, nearly 2000 miles, and in the driest period of an exceptionally dry season, the river averages about 300 yards in width, occasionally opening out to a quarter of a mile or more, especially at places where it is divided by small islands or dry sandbanks, while in its lower reaches it is a mile and more in width.

On our first night down the river we slept fairly well, having paddled about forty miles. I arranged my bed on a dry

RAFTS OF LOGS ON THE RIVER CUT FROM THE MIGHTY FORESTS

JUNGLE AND RIVER

ox-hide under the tolda, the others sleeping out on the cool sands, in the broad moonlight. I had little rest at first; the novelty of the situation, the occasional strange sounds of animals and fish around us, and the monotonous cries of certain night birds kept me awake until my weariness took the upper hand, and I slept until daybreak.

Throughout the course of this magnificent river all is grandly primitive, silent, and lonely, untouched by the hand of man. Just before stopping as usual for breakfast, we were at last agreeably surprised by the appearance of three big "ubás" (dug-out canoes), with a dozen or so Carajás on board, travelling up the river. They were all men, big, corpulent, and quite naked, and looked wonderfully interesting in that early morning light.

About midday Chrichas was sighted, a Carajá village of some eight houses and 70 people in all. We ran the nose of our igarité on the sandy island about a hundred yards from the huts, and several redskins ran out to greet us. Leaving the canoe with my three companions, I walked across

the hot sand to the village, accompanied by two stalwart young giants, with their bodies stained a bright red, and a black design on top, this being their only dress; yet withal, their native dignity and carriage were worthy of a foreign ambassador. I found the village consisted of lightly constructed huts of palm leaf of a roomy character, the larger ones being arched, about 15 feet wide and 30 feet deep, and open at one end; the only furniture being the usual reed mats stretched on the sand. Occasionally there was also a curiously made stool, somewhat resembling a double-headed tortoise with a flat back, a long nose, and staring eyes of pearl shell fastened on with beeswax, perhaps a relic of the old Inca empire. The smaller huts are of the usual angular shape, and all were scrupulously clean and sweet. There are no bad smells about an Indian village, owing, perhaps, to the fresh, dry airs that blow over the sandy plains, where not a trace of vegetation is visible.

One of the redskin warriors conducted me to the hut of the chief, a tall finely built man of keen, aquiline features and the usual

Japanese type of eyes. Beyond his beautiful long black hair, which fell in loose tresses to below his shoulders, he, like all other Indians of the tribe, had no hair whatever on any other part of his red body, which was as smooth and shiny as a billiard ball. They even pull out the hair of their eyebrows, as they consider it a blemish, and generally serve the eye-lashes the same way. The chief, who was a man of about 50, was ill, and lying on a mat outside his residence, shielded from the hot sun by a light erection of palm leaves. His wife, a big, hearty-looking woman, was kneeling at his side, with her fists pressed into his stomach to afford relief of some kind. She showed real concern, and I regretted my inability to help the old chief, who was evidently suffering much pain. He spoke a little Portuguese, and we conversed together for some time, he immediately arousing himself and betraying great interest when I mentioned our desire to live and work for the Carajás. "Ah, yes," he said, "we need it. They work for the Bororó and Caiapó, but nothing is ever done for the Carajá" (referring to the

work of the Dominican and Franciscan monks). "Be sure," he said earnestly in conclusion, "and tell me when and where it is to be, and do not deceive me."

I then visited all the huts one by one, and found them as clean and pleasant as the chief's, though so primitive. The interior of the hut is generally covered with bows and arrows of all kinds, and Indian clubs, armlets, and feather ornaments of curious design. Scattered around are numerous calabashes of all sizes and shapes, and earthen pots with strong concoctions of food, which it might be well not to taste, while one can often see little piles of cooked sweet potatoes here and there, as well as mandioca root. The only culinary utensils are earthen cooking pots, calabashes, and river shells, which serve in lieu of spoons.

Producing some fish hooks, I handed one to each of the Indians. These they received with eagerness and evident satisfaction. If you displease a Carajá by not being liberal enough with your gifts, you are soon made aware of it, for they look at one another with a most solemn expression, and say,

"Ebina, ebina" (It is bad, it is bad!). After visiting all the huts in succession and making myself at home on the proffered mats, I found it time to move on, so walked back to the canoe.

On reaching the igarité I found it surrounded by huge Indians, among whom we seemed as pigmies. Some were squatting most unceremoniously on our canoe, others in the water, while the rest were gravely seated on the shore. They were very quiet, dignified, and self-respecting, but evidently expecting something. Most travellers carry tobacco for such occasions, and I was probably the first to venture down the Araguaya without it.

The sand retains its warmth for some hours after sunset, and we lay around our camp fire enjoying the cool air and moonlit waters of the Araguaya, while I had a long talk with Odidi, first about the moon and stars, and then about the Creator of the whole universe, and how that He loved the Carajás also, and wanted them to be with Him in a better and happier world than this. He appeared to understand and

appreciate all that I tried to say to him

At daybreak next morning we continued our way, and after three hours' paddling stopped for breakfast on a small island. While Sylverio was preparing the rice, Odidi started to explore, and hastily returned with the startling information that a group of the terrible Chavante Indians were breakfasting on the far side of the same island. I crawled cautiously a short distance, and caught sight of a group of red savages seated around a fire roasting fish; but, quick of eye and ear, they soon noticed my presence, and made off into the thicket, and I saw no more of them, for I cleared off just as quickly—in the opposite direction.

Paddling on, we passed several canoes full of Carajá Indians, who greeted Odidi with their musical cooing cries, but we did not stop. After a time we reached the small, decadent village of São José, the last solitary outpost of civilisation.

There are about 20 odd houses in the village, forming three sides of a square around a small Roman Chapel, and all in

much need of repairs, with an air of poverty and lack of ambition over the whole place; and the thick undergrowth is allowed to accumulate to such an extent that the river is hidden from sight, although the village stands on a high bluff.

The people are only visited every few years by a friar, and they at once agreed to my suggestion to hold a meeting that night, the principal man of the place, Senhor Souza Lobo, offering his house for that purpose, and sending his sons out to invite the people to attend. We had a fine and inspiring crowd of about fifty people, who listened to the Gospel of grace with great quiet and attention. At the close of the meeting I invited questions or criticism, but as none responded, I asked them to prepare some queries embracing any doubts or suspicions that they might have as to our faith, and I would gladly reply to them a month hence on my return journey.

Immediately after the gathering we paddled another two miles to find a resting-place for the night. The quiet of the nights on the Araguaya is sublime, and paddling

by moonlight on this vast expanse of smooth water is most refreshing and romantic. There are, however, some hidden dangers for the night traveller, for although the river is completely free from dangerous rocks or cataracts of any kind, there are numerous stranded wrecks of trees and logs, which project at intervals along the river's course. The danger is increased when these are hidden a few inches below the water's surface, for there is always the risk of knocking a hole into the canoe on one of these snags. Our boat would not stand much of that, for it was already leaking, and needed constant bailing.

We passed the night between two small villages off the mouth of the Crichas river, and early next day we passed three other villages before breakfast, and continually met Indian ubás skirting the river's edge, generally with a single stalwart occupant, with a bow and arrow, seeking for fish, or for tartaruga (turtle) eggs.

We determined to make an effort to reach the Bananal Island that night if possible. The night was splendid and cool, with a

full moon. A sharp lookout had to be kept for snags, but Odidi, in common with his race, has most remarkable eyesight, and can see a projecting snag by moonlight long before I would suspect its presence. He can also detect the sunken ones by some, and all but unnoticeable movement of the river's surface. Oftentimes he discovered and pointed out Indians on the shore ahead of us, or a ubá, some wild animal, or a crocodile, where I failed to detect anything, until we were a good deal nearer the object.

At last, however, well on into the night, we sighted the low-lying southern point of the island, with its broad bank of sand, and our arrival was greeted by a loud chorus from hundreds of birds, much resembling sea-gulls.

My satisfaction was extreme on landing upon this immense island, which is 300 miles in length, and I felt that at last I was really in the home of the Carajás. But the point of the island where we had landed did not prove suitable for our camp that night, so we pulled over to a dry bank on the Matto Grosso side of the river. We

slept well, and when I awoke it was already broad daylight. Odidi and I crossed to the point of the island, and found that the right channel was dry. Its clean, sandy bed, which is about 100 yards wide, is fringed by dense forests, and presents a striking appearance, like some fine, broad highway of silvery sand, threading its way through the forests, and on and on through unexplored country, until it rejoins the Araguaya again, three hundred miles below.

Early the next morning I aroused the men, and we travelled for about two hours before sunrise. We encountered many ariranha seals and shoals of botos—a kind of dolphin which, first on one side of the canoe, then on the other, spurt and puff and wheeze, as if to provide us with a little amusement.

We pulled up at a specially beautiful sandbank that night, but it was marred by the presence of an impertinent crocodile, which refused to change his quarters, and came up quite close to Manoel while he was cleaning the rice for dinner. Happily he

noticed the reptile in time, and drove it off with a pole.

During the night I awoke with a start, and saw Odidi, by the glimmer of our camp fire, with a firebrand in his hand, chasing one of these crocodiles, which had ventured out of the water to reconnoitre the sleepers. I kept my gun handy and the fire burning all night.

Towards evening we drew up about 150 yards from an Indian village, but finding that the igarité drew too much water to pull up close to the shore, I pointed to a high sand bank which could be seen lower down the river, with promise of deep water, and told my companions to leave me with the Indians and I would join them later on in an ubá. So they paddled the canoe down the river, leaving me with five stalwart redskins, who conducted me over the stretch of sand to their little village. Their huts were small and of a lighter construction than usual, some having no roof, but only a palm leaf shelter against the wind.

In one hut several women and children were seated on the usual mat, and they

invited me to sit down with them, which I was very pleased to do. One young woman brought me a piece of boiled fish in her hand, and another gave me a kind of yam, which I endeavoured to eat. The men were the usual fine, tall, and almost intelligent-looking Indians, with their lustrous and muscular bodies painted in the usual way. The women do not go in for so much fancy colouring, except perhaps the unmarried ones, who have designs on their faces, resembling the caste marks of the Hindu.

They invited me to spend the night with them, but on darkness setting in, I rose to leave, after one of the happiest experiences of my life.

Four Carajás paddled me down in their ubá to the place where our igarité had drawn up for the night, another canoe following us, filled with women. On arrival at our camp I treated them all to pieces of raw sugar brick, farinha, red handkerchiefs, fish hooks, and some little coloured bags for the women. These and the children returned to their village, but the men lay all around us on the sands, intently watching

us as we prepared our dinner of rice and dried salt meat. It was getting dark, and the light of our camp fire lit up their fine interesting forms to good effect. When all was ready I gave them two big plates of rice between them, an agreeable change to their regular diet, which is almost exclusively fish, with an occasional turtle or chameleon. I invited one boyish young fellow named Una, whose body was stained black all over, as happens to all the uninitiated youths, to share my plate of food, so he sidled up at once, and we started in together.

The Indians lay around us till quite late that night, largely on Odidi's account, who had many wonderful things to tell them of his experiences with us in Goyaz. He did most of the talking, his attentive listeners punctuating each sentence with a sonorous "Um—m" of varied tones and pitch, according to their degree of interest. Odidi also produced his spelling book and copy book, recited the alphabet, and spelt out a few words to them, to their evident surprise and amazement.

Early next morning we reached the mouth

of the Rio dos Mortes (River of the Slain), which is separated from the Araguaya by a long spit of sand. Here we had a narrow escape from shipwreck. One of the perils of the Araguaya is the "banzeira," a very strong northerly wind that comes without warning. We were steering along in mid-stream when suddenly the wind struck us full in the face, and in a few minutes the river assumed a stormy aspect. Big waves broke over the igarité in a most alarming fashion, while the boat pitched as if in a rough sea, threatening to go under, and another gallon or so of water would sink us, when we managed to pull under the lee of the shore, protecting us from the violence of the waves, and in ten minutes we were safe at the river's edge. Praise God for the deliverance! We were very tired when we finally stopped for the night at a large Indian village of eight huts, and about 100 persons. The chief, an elderly, fatherly-looking man, visited us at once, and noticing that the sandbank was destitute of firewood, he immediately paddled off with his wife to fetch some from a neighbouring forest. We

had our usual pot of rice for dinner, the hungry Indians crowding around. Gathering boldness through Odidi's presence and privileges, while I was talking to the old chief and his wife, the other Indians thrust their hands into the pot and made such short work of the contents that we all went hungry to bed that night. The Indians did not return to their huts, but spent the night with us, stretched out on the sand by our fire, along with the chief, with no bed covers between them: their customary sleeping arrangement.

We spent another night on the usual quiet sandbank, after catching enough fish for three meals, salting what was left. At this time the moon rose late, and the nights were dark, though the starlight was bright enough to show the dark line of the Chavante shore, a mile away across the Araguaya. A forest fire, not far from the opposite edge of the river, threw a bright red glow across its waters, and reflected in an overhanging cloud of smoke, made an impressive and awesome scene, all the more so because of our immediate surround-

ings. Above and below us on our side of the river are the Carajás, while just across the river is the land of the feared Chavantes, who but a few months previously had attacked and killed a few Carajás who had ventured to cultivate a small piece of ground on that side of the river. To the right of the Chavantes, and below us as far as the Tapirapé River, are the tribe of that name, while directly behind us a few miles inland, is a branch of the Carajá tribe known as the Javahés, of several large villages.

We sighted Odidi's village early in the afternoon of the thirteenth day out from Leopoldina, but long before we could see the place he had sounded his horn repeatedly and vigorously with the call peculiar to the Carajá tribe. He was visibly excited, and produced a linen collar, tie, and studs from his bundle, with which he arrayed himself, and with these and his black jacket he quite put me in the shade. On reaching the village we found that most of the men were away fishing, including the chief, João, but nevertheless Odidi had a great welcome, and was received with many ex-

pressions of joy and amazement. The men flung their arms round his neck, and some of the women did so, too, the rest chattering away with smiling faces, while the children jumped and whooped with delight, and then proceeded to examine his clothes carefully and critically.

His short hair was evidently not agreeable to them, but they tried to improve it, and trimmed it to their liking. I found the people much less grasping than in other villages, and it was therefore a greater pleasure to give to them.

Meanwhile, two ubás arrived, laden with fish of all sizes and shapes, all of which had been shot with the arrow, perhaps 500 fish in all. They also had on board a quantity of short, green sticks, with which they proceeded to build a rough stand about two feet high, and about eight feet by three feet in area, on which they laid all the fish, just as taken from the canoes, without cleaning or taking the scales off. Firewood was then arranged beneath and lighted at one end, burning gradually from one end of the stand to the other, and roasting the

fish as it did so, while the dripping oil aided the combustion and kept the fire bright. The supports of the rough table being of green wood, they did not burn. After roasting, the fish is eaten just as it is, without salt.

One of the new arrivals was an old aunt of Odidi's, who raised her voice and howled over him with great lamentation, and when she noticed my presence, she talked to me at a great rate. I felt rather embarrassed, not understanding the meaning of the demonstration, unless it was a reproof for keeping Odidi away so long—or was it because of his bobbed hair?

We paddled away, with a strong current in our favour, and in a few hours had made such unexpected progress that, when I had just settled upon an excellent spot for our camp, Odidi, to my great surprise, pulled out his horn and began to blow, afterwards explaining to me that we were already within earshot of the mouth of the Tapirapé. We had, therefore, almost reached the last Carajá village that I wished to visit; so we paddled on, and before long I could

distinguish several ubás coming in our direction, and a little farther on the huts of a large village appeared. Another blast on the horn and the village was alive with redskins, while more ubás put out to meet us. The first to reach us happened to be a brother of Odidi, something like him in appearance, but taller and broader, while a boy at the helm was Odidi's nephew. They welcomed my Carajá most warmly, and the boy especially was delighted. Ere we reached the village the shore was crowded with men, women, and children, and the greeting was uproarious. We pulled up about a hundred yards from the village, which I found to be the largest yet visited, with nine huts and quite a hundred Indians.

To escape the crowd I left the canoe in charge of Sylverio and the boy, and strolled across to the huts. Walking was difficult owing to the quantity of fish bones and scales, which pierced my feet, while the sand itself was scorching hot with the sun's rays.

On reaching the first hut, I found a woman who was engaged in rubbing some red ooracoom seed and oil between her hands,

and then, with the finger of one hand used as a paint brush, she proceeded to adorn the face of her lord and master until she had worked a fancy design around his eyes and nose, which did not improve his appearance—at least, in my estimation.

As I approached the other houses the children ran away to hide, some bawling with fear and apprehension, and even many of the women were frightened, in spite of the presence of some of their men, and the fact that I was alone, unarmed, and far from my boat. Sometimes, however, I was cordially invited to enter a hut and to be seated on the family mat. One old lady, with a very kind and motherly face, particularly interested me, beaming away as she talked to me in a most patriarchal manner.

On returning to the canoe my troubles began. About five or more Indians were squatted on board, including the chief, and a big crowd of them were standing around in the water. Some wanted this, and some wanted that, while another surly-looking Indian who could speak a little

A CARAJÁ YOUTH

A young Indian of the Araguaya river, with tribal marks cut by a sharp stone on each cheek bone

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ODIDI (IN CENTRE) WITH TWO OMIA'Á COMPANIONS

Portuguese told me I was to show them all I had, and let them take their choice of a present. Others had brought bows and arrows and clubs to exchange for anything and everything they could get out of me. Finally, they were getting so aggressively impertinent, especially the chief, that I jumped to my feet and ordered them all off the canoe. Odidi was away in the village, deaf old Sylverio was some distance off making a fire, and the Indians were all armed with bows and clubs, but they all obeyed me at once, excepting the sly old chief, who slipped on again at the back, where he could peep under the tolda and note all its contents. To mollify them I exchanged some of the proffered articles, bows, wristlets, and such like, for many times their real value, and also gave them some sugar and farinha.

I had now covered over 500 miles in the canoe, visited a considerable number of Indian villages, and obtained a fair amount of information concerning these interesting Indians, and such as I hoped would lead to the establishment of a Gospel mission in

this very remote region, though the difficulties and dangers would be many, so I now decided to descend the great river no farther—though there are many Carajá villages below this point—and it was not without some feeling of relief that I thought of returning to home and civilisation on the morrow.

There is a vast difference in travelling downstream with the current to help you, to having that same current as your enemy on the return voyage. This should be carefully borne in mind in all prospecting work of this kind, and in determining the right spot for mission stations. Common strategy demands that however difficult the advance may be, the way of escape in case of sickness, danger, or hunger should always be downstream if at all possible, as the upstream travel is very laborious, may take several times as long, and in cases of flood seasons becomes absolutely impossible, a real peril.

After a rather uneasy night's rest I awoke with the very first faint glow of the rising sun. All were wrapped in heavy slumber, but I quickly and quietly aroused the crew,

and gave orders to embark without delay on the long and heavy upstream journey home.

Already some few Indians had crept up to us from the sleeping village, but the rest were quite unaware of our departure until we were out of sight in the dim, early light. I confess to having felt a sense of great relief, for although the Carajás are a fine race of savages, with morals and customs far above those of the average aboriginal Indian, yet they are still savages, and as such are capable, under certain circumstances, of attacking a small unarmed company such as ours was, especially with the tempting prospect of loot, or when worked up to some pitch of excitement by inter-tribal war and bloodshed.

Soon after losing sight of the village, I noticed a dark figure accompanying us along the river bank, which we found to be Wirina, a cousin of Odidi's, who wished to accompany us to Leopoldina, so I agreed to take him to help us pole up the river. By daylight his companions would probably have stopped him from going with us. My

crew was thus increased to five, three Carajás and two white men.

The next day we were away two hours before dawn, and poled slowly by the light of the moon, for we had to use great caution owing to the numerous snags beneath the water's surface. Manoel, the boy, found that he had been bitten by a vampire during the night, and, as usual, upon the big toe, which is the favourite spot for these blood-thirsty creatures. They do their work in such a scientific manner that the victim, be it man or animal, is absolutely unconscious of any pain.

About four hours' travel brought us to the home of the Carajá who had accompanied us during the last four days. He left us here, receiving in exchange for his services a pocket knife, necklace, comb, some hooks, a brick of sugar, and some rice. He had proved a capital, reliable man. I took on in his place a strapping young Indian named Tchana, whose body was painted and striped like a zebra. For the rest of that day we poled in the face of a heavy wind, which greatly hindered our progress. Every now

and again, when one of the Indians would feel too hot, without warning he would drop his pole and plunge into the river. The canoe would continue on its way, and the Indian perhaps climb on board or else swim ashore, to join us from some projecting point higher up. Two other ubás kept us company here, and apparently expected to dine at our expense while doing so. So I bargained that they must supply us with fish and turtles. We passed the night within sight of the fires of an Indian village, and the number of my redskin companions was increased to six.

It is rather trying for one's nerves to be alone among a crowd of these huge, naked, chattering, laughing savages, whose language you cannot understand, except that an occasional gorilla-like laugh or gesture, and the glances cast in your direction, indicate that the conversation concerns yourself. For a day or two you can manage to stand alone, but longer is very trying, and I do not think I shall travel again in this way, at least not with a deaf "camarada."

I awoke very early next morning to find

the blanket beneath me soaking wet, and springing up I found the canoe was full of water; so without waiting to awake the others, I set to work vigorously bailing it out before greater damage was done. Then I awakened the sleepy crew and we examined the cargo. The spare sack of farinha was badly wet, one of my bags was soaked through and some of the contents damaged, and nearly all the clothing was saturated with water. Not a very cheering outlook by the dim, cold moonlight. After a hasty cup of coffee, embarking our things as best as we could, I urged the men with paddle and pole until some three hours later, the sun gaining warmth, we pulled up for the day to dry out. We managed to dry the wet farinha, which is our principal article of food, as well as the other things affected, and then Sylverio tried to caulk the old boat with cotton and beeswax, which we hoped would keep us afloat for another three weeks' travel.

Late that afternoon, while continuing our journey, I heard the men cry out, "Onça! Onça!" (A tiger! A tiger!), and springing

from under my tolda, I saw, about one hundred yards away from the river, a big animal, perfectly black except for some white spots on his feet. It was walking quietly and majestically along the inner edge of the shore, and had not noticed our approach. Stopping the canoe, I landed, and walking a safe distance, I fired at it carelessly, not so much with a desire to kill as to see what it would do. It stopped, glared round at us, and without increasing its speed, turned off and with a few strides disappeared into the forest. The Indians are very much afraid of this kind of tiger, which is reputed to be very dangerous and brave. Not half an hour afterwards we saw another spotted yellow and black variety on the opposite bank. We also sighted a number of deer careering over one of the sandy shores, and the Indians were soon after them with bow and arrows, but the nimble creatures were too quick for even an Indian hunter.

A couple of miles beyond Capitão Ercke's village is the hill of Izabel do Morro, a sandhill about two or three hundred feet

high, rising up rather abruptly from the river's edge. I had heard that there was an Indian cemetery here, and though the sun was rapidly approaching the horizon, and the spot is said to be barred to the white man, I felt a strong desire to see the place. We stopped the igarité at a small clump of black rocks, from which Odidi pointed out a very narrow, sandy path, which went straight up the hillside, without a curve to ease the ascent. Jumping from the boat, camera in hand, I ran to the path indicated, and started climbing as fast as I could, fearing the sun might set ere I reached the summit. It was no easy climb owing to the loose, dry sand, which offered no secure foothold on that steep incline, and with each step I seemed to sink back half the distance or more. Several of the Indians, also curious to see the place, soon came scrambling up behind me, and arrived at the summit long before I did. I found that the view was entrancingly beautiful, probably the finest obtainable on the Araguaya. The magnificent, broad, winding river lay far beneath, eventually hidden from view above and

AN INDIAN MAIDEN

PRIMITIVE TRAVEL

below by the dense, dark forests that fringe its borders, and which melt away on the horizon. I had little time to appreciate the view, and cast about to find the reputed cemetery. The Indians soon discovered it to the left of the hill top, where the view was finest. Under the shade of a few overhanging trees were many earthern pans or urns, varying in size, but averaging about fifteen inches in diameter, some being black with age. Here lay the earthly remains of generations of bygone warriors, the earthen pans containing their bleached bones and skulls, where time had not already reduced them to powder, to be scattered far and near by the strong winds of the Araguaya. The spot was most impressively solemn to me as I thought of the unknown history of this race, who hunted and fished and died on the banks of this great river before South America was heard of, and whose descendants still live the same primitive, savage life their fathers led within sight of these ashes. I thought, too, of the countless thousands of Indians represented by these bones and ashes, who in these enlightened days of

Christian missionary endeavour have been allowed to drift away into eternity having never heard the Gospel tidings, and without one effort having been made to win some of them for the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. Too late now to regret what might have been done for the dead past; God grant that we may not hold back from what can be done for the living present. *

I could have spent much more time at this interesting spot, but the shades of night were coming on, and I had to hurry down the hill in order to reach our night camp ere darkness set in.

We poled away from our night quarters with the first peep of day, passing an Indian village about 8 o'clock, and we soon had several ubás in pursuit. They seemed to know that it was near breakfast time, but we succeeded in giving them the slip—our supplies were running out.

A little above this point we entered the Rio dos Mortes, and headed our boat up those mysterious waters, the home of the

* Since making this journey a mission station of the E.U.S.A. has been established among the Indians on the Bananal Island itself.

Chavante. As we slowly poled up the river my Carajás showed themselves slightly apprehensive of their old enemies, and eyed the banks suspiciously. Suddenly one dropped his long pole in the river and plunged in himself, and I could see his red body gliding away at the river's bottom through the crystaline water. What did it mean? Was he giving me the slip for fear of the Chavantes, or was it only a bath he wanted? No, here he comes back, describing a semi-circle under the water; now he is making straight for the boat, his head appears above the water close at hand, and in his embrace he holds a fine large turtle. We shipped the newcomer at once, and he kept another little turtle company until dinner time.

The ubá with the other two Indians still accompanied us, now ahead, now behind, on the look out for fish or other sport. My three Carajás were keen sportsmen, too, and twice this day they dived from the igarité and brought up a turtle each time. We had four live turtles and about 200 eggs on board at this time. Sometimes when passing over a broad sandbank where the

water was shallow, they would spy a big fish, some twenty or thirty yards away. Two of them would spring into the water at the same time, one with his pole and the other with bow and arrow, and then would commence an exciting chase. They would run through the water here and there to head the fish off from the deep water, which dodged them in all directions in its endeavours to escape. Finally the fish (generally a barbado of about fifteen pounds weight), too tired for further exertion in the shallow water, would be easily captured by a shot from the bow or a blow on the head with the end of the pole.

I slept on the sand at night in preference to my usual bed under the tolda, mosquitoes not being so numerous, and the starry, clear sky overhead is very attractive. The Indians are very fond of gazing at the stars. They say that a long time ago a great spirit carried away many of their brethren to a lovely country in the skies, where they live happily, hunting and fishing all the time, and as night comes on, the stars we see are really the camp fires of the far away Carajás.

One night the dinner preparations presented a most barbarian aspect, and to see how an Indian prepares and eats his food is to realise what savages they really are. In addition to the food which I provided, and which was ample, the five Carajás ate four turtles, three chameleons, and two big fish, quite eight pounds each, not to mention the amount of sand they always swallow with their food. After dinner I walked out over the sands, away from the smoky camp fires, away from the noisy, chattering Indians and their never ending feasts; alone under the bright stars I stretched out on the cool soft sand, and gave myself over to reveries and dreams of the future, when those who live like animals and die like beasts shall become sons of the Most High and jewels in the Saviour's crown. Each night before returning to the camp I pray for the Carajás and the speedy spread of the Gospel among these forgotten tribes.

During that afternoon I shot another crocodile, and we landed Manoel, who cut off about three feet of its tail with an axe for dinner that night. Before turning in

at night I tried my hand with the big line, and caught a sixty-pound pirara, and had to call for help to the Indians before finally landing him.

One Sunday we passed a restful day in an abandoned Indian hut, situated between two Carajá villages, about a mile apart. Visiting one of the latter, I found the men above the average intelligence, and I could converse freely with several in Portuguese. I had a long talk with one Indian on the need and means of salvation through Jesus Christ.

Early on Tuesday morning we reached São José, where the Brazilians seemed really glad to see me, and I soon found them to be eager for another Gospel meeting. The village schoolmaster was now in full agreement with all I said, and a night meeting was soon arranged. *

As soon as it grew dark, Senhor Antonio's house was crowded with men, women, and children, and I had much freedom in giving God's message to a most attentive and sympathetic audience of about 60 people,

* Since writing this diary, the schoolmaster and some of the villagers have been converted.

among whom I noticed the bright red naked forms of some Carajá Indians, looking on in amazement, but, I fear, understanding very little of what was said. It was an impressive scene, all the more so perhaps because of the dim, uncertain light of the solitary taper of black beeswax, which threw a fitful gleam around on the upturned faces.

After singing a concluding hymn, I invited questions, but none were forthcoming, several men saying they were satisfied with what they had heard, so I pointed out God's promise in James 1. 5 as their sure safeguard against false doctrine and safe guidance in the way of eternal life. Then, after prayer I bid them all farewell collectively, and, hurrying down to the river, embarked my scattered crew, when we poled up a couple of miles to a friendly bank and passed a cool, agreeable night stretched out on the soft, clean sand, free from the terrible mosquitoes of São José.

In one Indian village I witnessed an exciting wrestling match, in which my crew took active part. The splendid physique and matchless forms of the Indians appeared

to great advantage. The struggle was keen, and the men were well matched, and seemed to be expert wrestlers, as are most young Carajás. Everybody watched intently each turn, twist, and trick of the contenders, until suddenly both fell together, and the result was therefore not final. After a short rest the wrestling was renewed, and nobody could say who had the advantage, until with a sudden struggle Tchana lay on his back, and with a whoop the other returned to his place. These proceedings terminated, my Indian crew were conducted to the village, and food was placed before them on the reed mat.

While they were still eating, a shout was raised, and looking up I saw a redskin running like a deer over the sands, and reaching the water he still ran on into a shallow, sandy bay, until about 20 yards out he sat down in the water and yelled for the rest to go and help. I ran with a few others, and found it to be one of the many ingenious ideas of the Indians to catch fish. On the deep edge of a sandbank they build up the sand with their hands, so as to form a wall

THE "DANCA DO BICHO"

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OUR JOURNEY'S END—GOYAZ CAPITAL

encircling the bay, disguised by about an inch of water, and with one deep, narrow entrance from the outside river. Refuse food is occasionally thrown in to attract the fish, generally of a kind called pacú, which much resembles a small plaice, and which generally travels in large shoals. When any number of fish enter the trap, the surface of the water soon betrays their presence to the keen eye of some Carajá in the village, who immediately makes a bee-line for the narrow entrance, and sitting down in it, prevents the fish escaping, and with the help of others—generally the women and children—the fish are all caught by hand, sometimes several hundred at a time.

Dinner over and darkness rapidly succeeding, all at once the light of a big bonfire shone out across the sands from the "casa do bicho," and a sound resembling a big rattle was heard. The "dança do bicho" was about to begin. Accompanied by several of the more elderly Carajás, I strolled over the sands in the bright moonlight to the hut, outside which a big fire was burning, and lying stretched out around the

blazing logs were all the men and youths of the village, engrossed in silently watching a mechanical kind of song and dance, in which the chief performers were my two Indians, Daoori and Tchana, both completely hidden from sight by strange costumes and surmounted by very weird-looking feather helmets. The women are not permitted to see these dances under penalty of death.

Next morning we halted for breakfast at the mouth of Lake Cangas, which entering we found to be very extensive and deep, fringed by dark, dense forests, and evidently a favourite haunt of crocodiles, which float lazily on the water's surface here and there, looking for trouble, though with only the point of their noses appearing in view. These caymen are often known to attack larger canoes than ours.

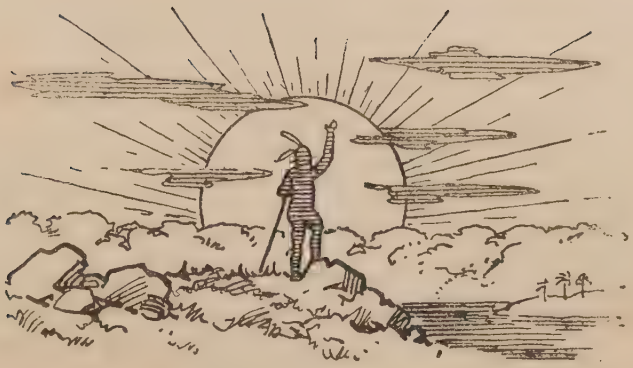
At different sections of our journey we were troubled at night by a very poisonous variety of mosquito called the "murisoca," and the sandflies by day were hard to endure patiently, so that nearing the end of our journey we travelled day and night in order

to avoid this fly torment, keeping well in midstream, and cooking on board.

Early one morning, soon after midnight, we rested for a spell while the crew indulged in "jacuba" and some hot tea I made for them as a special treat, after which we pushed on again. Suddenly I heard a cock crow, and just ahead of us there loomed out the white buildings of a farm-house which I had hoped to reach some hours later, and never did a cock crow so agreeably! So well had the men worked at their poles that we were within three hours of our journey's end. Resting for the remainder of the night on a spit of sand stretching out to the centre of the river, soon after daybreak we sighted the port of Leopoldina, notifying our approach by repeated blasts on the horn. Quite a crowd was at the water's edge to welcome us back to civilisation and home, though I had yet to traverse a hundred and thirty weary miles across country to Goyaz city, accompanied by the whole of my carajá crew.

Thus ended my first journey into the home of the redskins. At the time I made the

foregoing notes there was not one Gospel missionary working among the Indians of Brazilian Amazonia, whereas at the present time of publication of this work, there are at least thirty young men, mostly Britishers, who now are bravely, in the face of tremendous difficulties, seeking to make known the Gospel message among "these other sheep also."



CHAPTER XV

A Wolf of the Forest

SUCH work as that described in my different books could only be made possible through the most generous and hearty co-operation of the Bible Societies. To the American Bible Society of New York, and to the British and Foreign Bible Society, is due a very great share of the results obtained. This is doubtless true of all that is best in evangelistic work throughout the world, and if only missionary-hearted people realised more fully the most important part played by these Societies in preaching the Gospel to every creature, then their enthusiastic

support of these "Handmaids of Foreign Missions" would be intensified.

A very large proportion of the conversions recorded from year to year from different mission fields are directly due to the reading of the New Testament, and of this there is abundant evidence.

Only lately a well-known Brazilian pastor in Rio related the following story:

"In the State of Minas I became acquainted with one of the most feared gunmen of the region. Obliged to defend his father's home from highwaymen, this man became an outlaw and, as row followed row, he got to be the most feared man in that region. His appearance at any place was cause for apprehension and horror; he was charged with many crimes, and was called "the wolf of the forest." While engaged in one adventure of his uncertain and hazardous life, he passed through the district where I lived, and I invited him to come to my house, which he did. He placed his Winchester against the wall, and, while waiting for the customary cup of coffee, he with bitterness related to me the episodes of his vagrant,

uncertain and restless life, always pursued by the police and by his rank enemies. As a token of his visit I gave him a New Testament, and also a "Pilgrim's Progress."

"After a year, more or less, I was surprised by another visit from that 'wolf of the forest.' He was not carrying his Winchester this time, nor his pistol, nor his knife. He told me he had been converted, and he came to deliver himself to the authorities and to be judged by them. His stay in my home was short, and soon I saw him disappear round the corner on his way to the police station.

"Before we parted, however, he made me promise to wait for him on the day of his trial at the meeting of Barra do Manhaussú, for, he said, if he should be absolved, on this same day he would make public profession of his faith, as was his ardent desire to do. But, in case he should not be pardoned, it was his intention then, during his long years of imprisonment, to occupy his time in the evangelization of the criminals.

"On the day of the trial I went to wait

for the result, as agreed upon, about a mile and a half from the city. To me it seemed impossible that he should be absolved; he had committed so many crimes, and was so feared, that only an act of Providence could save him. We spent the time while waiting in prayer. The hours dragged on. The night advanced. Near ten o'clock we heard steps approaching. Then a nervous knock. We opened the door. It was he

"The court had found extenuating circumstances for his crimes and, taking into consideration that the criminal had delivered himself up voluntarily, and had good deportment during the long months of waiting for the trial, resolved to pardon him.

"Free from prison, his great wish was to profess his faith. He was examined; he knew the truth of redemption, and gave proof of being sincerely repentant; and I decided to receive him, and baptise him.

"When he departed I accompanied him through the yard, and as I bade him goodbye, I felt that the fragrance of the nearby forest enveloped us both. I insist that it is impossible to estimate the value of the

THE PROTESTANT CHURCH IN GOYAZ

The most central inland Gospel church in Brazil

THE AUTHOR'S HOME IN GARANHUNS N.W. BRAZIL

service rendered to Brazil by the Bible Societies, which stand forth sublime and invincible through the regeneration of her sons."

Such instances as the foregoing could be multiplied, nor do they only apply to the criminals and outcasts of society. Some of the finest men of the country have been brought to God through the same means that won that "wolf of the forest." The proprietor of the chief newspaper of Brazil and of South America is a devoted believer in the Bible, about which he has written considerably. Januzzi, the greatest architect of Brazil, is another sincere convert, as also have been several presidents of different states. Dr. José Paranaguá was recognised as one of the leading men in the political life of the country, and was for some time president of the state of Piauhy. While making a long cross country journey to the coast to take steamer for the city of Rio de Janeiro, in fulfilment of his duties as a Federal senator, while being ferried across a river he witnessed a very dangerous quarrel between two workmen,

in which foul words were soon succeeded by blows. At this moment a man intervened between the contending parties. He was a seller of books, and seemed to have a kindly nature, and soon persuaded the antagonists to desist from their strife, as fellow-countrymen, and both created by the same God; and thus in kindly fashion the peace was made.

Deeply impressed by the conduct and language of the colporteur—for such he was—the senator entered into conversation with him, and after inquiring about the books he was selling, he bought a New Testament.

As he travelled across the country he read that book and became sincerely interested and convinced of the Truth. A seemingly chance encounter with a missionary soon after, settled the matter, and he was converted and baptised. His conversion made a great impression among his old friends, for he was never ashamed of his faith. He died in 1926, when over seventy years of age. When the news reached Rio de Janeiro, a member of the Federal Congress spoke before the house, and among other

things said: "This, our noble fellow-countryman, became in his last hours a Brazilian Tolsti. Enjoying high distinction, he abandoned all to exercise personally a mission of education in the town of Correntes, where he had his cradle at birth, and where death plucked him. A man of vision, Paranaguá believed in the instruction and in the evangelization of these people."

It is not too much to say that the Bible is already a power in the country, where it is beginning to make its influence felt among all classes. So real is this that the Church of Rome has been compelled of late to publish several editions of the Gospels with the usual copious notes and explanations, though the results have generally been so unfavourable to her pretentions that these editions have been strictly limited, and sometimes recalled altogether.

May many be led to devote their lives to the scattering of this precious seed, beginning in our own dear homelands, for the results are assured. "My Word shall not return to Me void."

Mr. Stanley Baldwin described the Bible as

a "high explosive," and revolutionary in character. That this book may witness to the truth of this testimony, and lead others to test the efficacy of the Divine weapon, the only foe that Rome really fears, is the author's concluding wish and prayer.

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